

"A KNIGHT OF THE NETS," by Amelia E. Barr, begins in this number of the Weekly.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

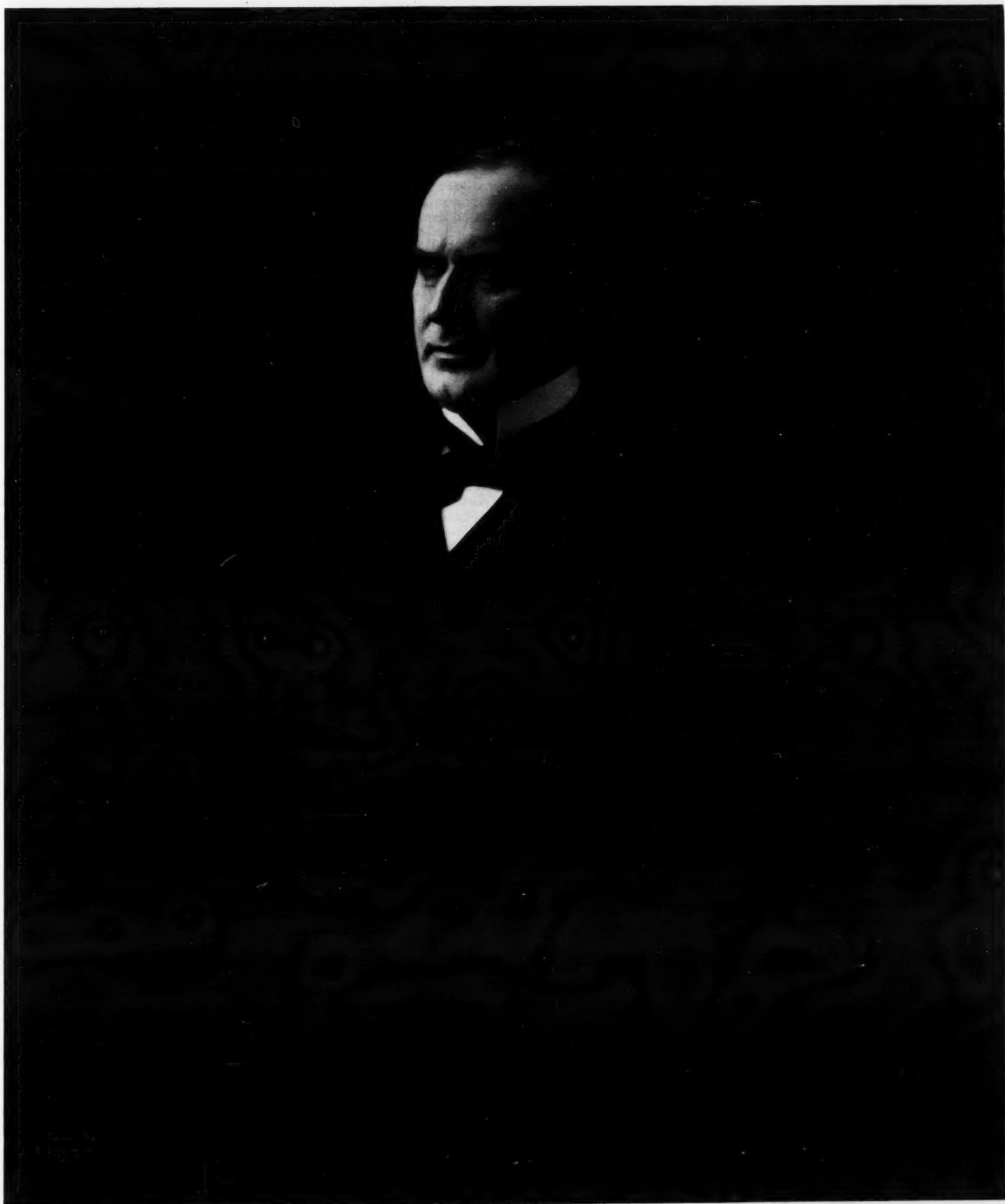


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HON. WILLIAM McKINLEY.

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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We publish in this issue the opening chapters of a story by Amelia E. Barr, entitled:

## "A Knight of the Nets,"

being the second in our series of short stories by the foremost fiction writers of the day, and which will be continued during the year. This story will run for four weeks.

The names of the remarkable group of authors whose services we have secured constitute in themselves a guarantee that this department of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* will possess an interest and attractiveness altogether unprecedented.

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Five Thousand Dollars Reward.

A NUMBER of telegrams have recently been published in newspapers of this city that emissaries of at least two candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination were traversing the Southern States and "arranging" for the purchase of delegates to the St. Louis convention. One of these dispatches, dated at Birmingham, Alabama, alleged that "Cornelius Van Cott, ex-postmaster of New York, Dr. John H. Dorn, and Charles Schultz" had visited that State with a view of "securing a Morton delegation." Another and later statement, communicated to the *Tribune* by a correspondent who says that he has "recently traveled through Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, and talked with many Republican leaders, white and colored, and influential Republicans in all of these States," is even more specific as to the disreputable methods of the alleged missionaries. The *Tribune* writer says:

"All through the above States, in every city that I visited, I have crossed the slimy trail of the emissaries of those whose only method for obtaining power is through bribery and corruption. They are now engaged in every district of the South, bringing to bear upon these poor people all the corrupt wiles known to those who make a profession of politics, pledging offices, and even money, to seduce away from McKinley those who, if not tampered with, would loyally support him. Can infamy find a lower depth than this?"

"The emissaries (all know that they are from Platt) supposedly of Governor Morton, known as Sims and Anderson, are reported as being most active in this business, working among the colored people of the South, and in Governor Morton's name seeking unfairly to undermine the supporters of Governor McKinley and to seduce them away from him."

"The emissaries of Senator Quay—one Andrews especially—and a corps of colored gentlemen are also engaged in this, to say the least, dishonorable business, doing all they can against Governor McKinley, in the same way and by the same methods, to secure delegates for Thomas B. Reed."

Now these are very serious charges. They allege a condition of things at once disgraceful and full of peril to the Republican party. If true they ought to make impossible the nomination of either of the gentlemen to whose canvass they relate. We do not believe, however, that they can be sustained. It is incredible that Governor Morton, for instance, would permit his name to be used as a cover for the debauchery of Republican constituencies anywhere. Besides, all who know him are aware that he is habitually frugal in his political expenditures. We are so confident in our belief that these charges are without foundation in fact that we hereby agree to pay the sum of five thousand dollars to any person who will furnish to the *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* Company satisfactory and conclusive evidence that Governor Morton has authorized the use of any pecuniary or other improper influence for the promotion of his candidacy. We make this offer not only as an evidence of our faith in Governor Morton's integrity of character, but because as citizens of the Empire State we feel that its good name should be promptly and fully vindicated from any

such reproach as complaisant acquiescence in these imputations upon its executive would bring upon it.

There is a good deal of talk about the hard times and the absence of business opportunities. Now, here is an opening—an opportunity for the *Tribune* writer and others who have been indulging in charges of the character herein referred to, and for any others, also, who may feel inclined to explore the vein they profess to have uncovered. Let them prove their accusations and get the reward, or stand forever branded as the calumniators of innocent and pure-minded men!

## The National Credit Vindicated.

THE most significant financial event of recent years is the magnificent success of the so-called popular loan. The government invited bids for \$100,000,000 thirty-year four-per-cent. bonds, to be paid for in gold. The response to this invitation came from 6,677 bidders, in the shape of subscriptions aggregating \$568,259,850, at prices ranging from par to 120.

This is a splendid and impressive vindication of the national credit. But it is a stinging rebuke to President Cleveland. Only a few weeks ago, in a special message to Congress, he indulged in hysterical lamentations over the financial outlook. He seemed to have lost all faith in the people, and apparently felt that their representatives had no sort of appreciation of their obligations. This conviction was so dominating that when, a little while before, it had become necessary to borrow money to meet the treasury needs, he entered into a secret bond arrangement with a syndicate instead of giving the people an opportunity to supply the money required. He excused this proceeding on the pretense that the people would not subscribe for the bonds because they could not get the gold with which to pay for them. When, recently, a fresh loan was found to be necessary, the administration started in along the same line. The syndicate arrangement was to be repeated, and would no doubt have been carried into effect had not the popular disapproval become so vehement as to compel a modification of the plans. The price paid by the syndicate at the former issue of bonds was 104. The average price realized at last week's sale was 111. That is to say, the treasury realized over six millions more from dealing with the people than it realized from its arrangement with a syndicate—a syndicate, too, which, being compelled to go into competition with bidders at large, offered to take the whole issue of \$100,000,000 at 110, an advance of six points on the price paid in the first transaction!

Whatever may be the effect upon Mr. Cleveland of this grand demonstration of the popular faith in the government, there can be no doubt that it will have a stimulating influence upon the business of the country, while it will at the same time show the world at large that when it comes to sustaining the national credit the people of the United States have not only the resources, but the disposition to meet any and every demand. A plain, straightforward national loan of a thousand millions of dollars could be as readily made, in any emergency involving the national honor, as that just effected for one-tenth that amount.

## On the Making of Books.

EVER-so-many years ago—perhaps thirty—it occurred to a publisher that books were usually placed upon the table with the back cover down. Consequently the design upon it was wasted. Still, he hardly dared to leave it off entirely, so, to save the gilt, he had it stamped plain. The front cover was, of course, as resplendent in golden design as ever.

A little later it was observed by another frugal publisher that, while gilt was necessary to protect from dust the edges at the top of the book, it was sheer waste of good material to put it upon the sides and bottoms. A book now became, when published, an odd, ill-balanced affair, like a Queen Anne house. In fact, at about the time architects were discovering that a wing on the right did not have to correspond with a wing on the left, publishers were bringing out books whose rear cover was as naked as the proverbial South Sea Islander, though its mate was adorned with the rococo effect of a North American Indian in war rouge.

The laws of evolution in the literary cosmos were thus auspiciously started, but, curiously enough, they disregarded the axioms of Darwin and went backward, till chaos was the result. One bewildering idiosyncrasy followed another in exuberant sequence. First, the edges at the side of the book, from being accurately and smoothly cut, so that the thumb of the expectant reader could slide delightedly over them, like a Mother Cary's chicken upon an Atlantic roller, became ragged and often uncut entirely. The pages ceased to slip swiftly by, and had to be laboriously pried apart, much to the annoyance of the thumb. This, however, the publishers alleged, was "the thing," whereupon the thumb impotently unclinked itself.

Ever-so-many less years ago the book-buyer noticed that the galley-print was not stamped upon the middle of the page; that the margin ceased to be a symmetrical white frame, because the outer and lower edges perceptibly grew, while the inner and upper ones became more and more meagre. Other startling things appeared. A ragged growth of paper shreds and shriveled, bird's-eye knots appeared at the edges of the paper. This, the reader was told, was "hand-made" and entirely "the thing." His disappointed

eye had to rove from the upper, outer corner, when in search of the page-number, to weird lurking-places at the bottom.

Soon the transformation from a book to a monstrosity became complete. There were, in fact, no more "books," but poor, abashed, unfinished, and lop-sided affairs, which had to put one shame-faced side upon the table to hide its deformity, with ragged and uncouth edges that would not slide over the disappointed thumb, uneven margins, and misplaced types. It is as if the temple of literature had had its classic columns removed for hitching posts, its arcade littered with paltry sheds for the asses of pilgrims who journeyed thither, and its marble roof cut up and adorned with tin cupolas, jutting out grotesquely at impossible places.

Gone are the dignified vellum and leather-bound tomes and the harmonious and simple bindings of ever-so-many years ago! Book-making is now a trickster's art to cater to a harlequin taste and a degraded artistic appetite.

## Progress in China.



THE work of railway construction in China, which was authorized by a recent imperial decree, is likely to be hampered by peculiar limitations. In the first place the decree in question prohibits the employment of any foreigner on the work, thus preventing any utilization of the experience and skill of more advanced and enlightened peoples. Then, in the next place, the construction of

the initial road has been intrusted to a provincial judge who has no engineering knowledge whatever, and who in the nature of the case cannot be expected to perform the work committed to him in an efficient or satisfactory manner. It would seem as if the purpose of the government was to show how not to do the thing it authorizes to be done.

At the same time the determination to enter upon the construction of railways is a notable indication of Chinese progress. For twenty years or more foreigners have sought in vain for permission to build railways in the empire, and the government has persistently refused to sanction enterprises of this character under domestic auspices. Now, the wisest men of the empire recognize fully that they cannot any longer resist the progressive impulses of the time, and that their systems of internal communication must be adjusted to modern conditions. Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, gives in a recent article in the *Independent* the results of an interview with a number of the leading statesmen of China, including Li Hung Chang and members of the Tsung Li Yamen, or the Foreign Office, whom he was permitted to meet while on an official tour of missionary inspection. Nearly all of these lamented the hostility to foreigners which characterizes so large a part of the population of the empire. Some of them did not hesitate to say that in their opinion great advantage would come to China if they could have as adviser to their Foreign Office some able, upright statesman of large experience. Li Hung Chang expressed himself with great decision on the subject of local improvements. In reference to railroad development he said: "I would have in China, as in the States, railroads everywhere." He spoke of the great poverty of the country as a hindrance to such rapid railway construction as was desirable, but expressed his conviction that railways could not longer be delayed; and he added that when it came to the work of the construction of roads there would be found available an energy no less potential than that which completed the Great Wall. These declarations of opinion justify the belief that however unsatisfactory the initial methods of railway development may be, the time cannot be remote when their advantages will be so widely recognized, and the government, as a result of the breaking up of existing conditions, will be so far liberated from the conservative control that now hampers it, that not only in the matter of railway facilities, but in the general development of the resources of the empire, a liberal and aggressive policy will be adopted and carried out. It is significant in this direction that, according to a late report, the emperor has recently authorized the formation of a syndicate of Chinese steamship owners for supplying river communication between Shanghai and Suchow, and with authority to carry the mails.

## General Harrison's Withdrawal.

PROBABLY no intimate friend of ex-President Harrison is surprised by his decisive withdrawal of his name from all connection with a re-nomination for the Presidency. Those who have been close to General Harrison have been aware all along that he had no desire to be a contestant for the nomination. The language employed in his final declaration, "There never has been an hour since I left the White House that I have felt a wish to return to it," expresses the undoubted fact as to his personal inclinations.

We are among those who believe that General Harrison would have been one of the strongest candidates the Republicans could have named. He possesses in a marked degree the confidence of the people; he has illustrated the highest qualities of statesmanship applied to the work of practical administration; he is intensely American in feeling



and conviction; he is known to be sound and conservative as to the urgent issues of the hour, and his candidacy would have appealed to the masses of the people with peculiar force. It is to his credit, and would not have been an element of weakness with the voters of the country, that the professional "bosses" were generally opposed to his nomination.

Very naturally, the definite withdrawal of General Harrison has given rise to a good deal of speculation as to which of the rival candidates for the St. Louis nomination will profit most by his absence from the field. There are some who seem to believe that the Indiana and other delegations will now gravitate to Governor Morton, but that seems to us to be altogether improbable, not only because Governor Morton's candidacy is not taken seriously in the country at large, but also because either Governor McKinley or Senator Allison much more nearly represents the ideas and influences for which General Harrison stands, and would seem naturally to fall heir to his following. Of the two Western candidates, McKinley will probably be the favorite with the majority of the Indianians, and, everything considered, we incline to the belief that his chances are improved by the retirement of the ex-President.

### The New Parliamentary Session.

FROM several points of view the new session of the English Parliament promises to be exceedingly interesting. It is the first session of the House of Commons which was elected last summer; for at the short session in August the government put forward no legislative programme, and only routine business was transacted. For the new session the Salisbury Cabinet must submit a programme. This will not be a long one; for among domestic questions the only ones which now press for attention are those concerning public education, the extension of the Irish land-purchase system, and the licensing problem. The first and last of these are exclusively English questions, and much curiosity exists as to the way in which the Salisbury government will approach them.

The educational question is emphatically a disturbing one to the English people, and it is more disturbing now than ever before; because the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church in England are determinedly united in pressing the government to overhaul the system set up in 1870, in order that these two churches may dip deeper than ever into the national treasury for their schools. The licensing question would be a perplexing one, but the trouble in connection with it is still a little way off, as it is expected that the government will set up a royal commission whose inquiries will extend over the entire Parliamentary session, and save the Salisbury Cabinet from tabling any legislative proposals for another year.

In one respect the session is likely to be memorable. It will be almost the first for the last seventy years in which there has not been some proposal, either from the government or from the opposition, for some great measure of constitutional reform. The Irish demand for home rule is still made, but nowadays with less weight than at any time since 1874, and, judging from the English newspapers and from political speeches on English platforms, for the present the era of constitutional change, which began a hundred and twenty years ago, is at an end.

Since the election the numerical positions of the four parties in the House of Commons have undergone no change. Before the session is many days old, Mr. John Morley will be back in the House of Commons, not for Newcastle, but for Montrose. The change which insures his return is the only one of any importance since the recess. In this session, as after the general election, the Tories number 340; the Liberal-Unionists, 71; the Liberals and the Radicals, 177; the Nationalists, 82.

As concerns the internal relations of the parties, there have been some noteworthy changes among the Anti-Parnellites. Mr. Tim Healy and his seven or eight followers have been cut off from the main group and form a little knot of themselves. This division had its beginnings before the election in 1895, and its origin in a dispute concerning the attitude of the Anti-Parnellites toward the Liberals. Mr. Healy thought the relationship too close. Since then, however, the breach has widened. Mr. Healy has been deposed from the Nationalist party organizations, both in Ireland and in England; and he and his followers now stand as much apart from Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Dillon as the McCarthyites do from Mr. Redmond and his Parnellite group. Should Mr. McCarthy retire, as it is said he means to do, from the Anti-Parnellite leadership, it is possible that Mr. Thomas Sexton will succeed him.

So far, the Liberals have taken no steps toward reorganization. They are in the same demoralized state as they were after the election, and are decided neither upon their future Parliamentary leader nor upon their programme. There are now scarcely any planks left in the old Newcastle platform, and as yet nothing has been set up to take its place. One point, however, has become clear during the recess. The alliance which has existed since 1886 between the Liberals and the Nationalists is coming to an end. It cannot long survive the appearance of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Dillon, as well as that of Mr. Healy, on the church and Tory side in the heated controversy about the schools, and before the session is well under way a breach may be expected which will soon become irreparable.

### How Anti-Toxine Cures Diphtheria.

THE health authorities of many of the large cities throughout the country have followed the lead of New York City during the winter prevalence of diphtheria by treating the disease with injections of anti-toxine. The results, on the whole, have been extremely satisfactory. Dr. Herman Biggs, chief bacteriologist of the New York Health Department, states that the mortality from diphtheria where anti-toxine has been used has been reduced fifty per cent. This indicates that a weapon has at last been found that is safe and powerful enough to fight the dread diphtheria, which has carried off more children, perhaps, than any one other disease.

About a year ago the Health Commissioners of New York



INJECTING THE ANTI-TOXINE.

decided to use, experimentally, some of the diphtheric anti-toxine, which was receiving widespread attention and commendation abroad. Recently, after twelve months' experience with it, a report was issued which proclaimed the success of the serum in New York. This report has created universal interest in this country. Physicians are beginning to extensively use the serum in private practice, and the result, from all appearances, is that diphtheria, the dread of mothers and the scourge of childhood, is fast being removed from the category of fatal diseases.

"Is there any ground," I asked the bacteriologist at the Willard Parker Hospital, "for the rumors that the use of the anti-toxine is attended with some danger?"

"Practically none. It is true that there was one death last summer which seemed to have a connection with the serum, but it has been administered over a hundred thousand times with no such result; so you can see that the accident does not count for much in the great sum-total of benefit. The only apparent effect of the anti-toxine, aside from its set-back to the disease, is an occasional rash, which is comparatively harmless.

"The principle which underlies the anti-toxine treatment," continued the doctor, "is very simple. There are a considerable number of diseases, among them diphtheria, pneumonia, and smallpox, which are known as self-limiting; that is, the body reacts against them after they have been in the system a certain length of time, and generates a substance which fights and conquers their poison. This substance, is the anti-toxine or anti-poison. The difficulty heretofore has been that the patient very frequently dies from exhaustion or the action of the poison upon the vital organs before the body has had time to generate the antidote. Now, if we can get this anti-poison into the blood of the patient without waiting for the slow process of its generation in the body, we begin to fight and kill the poison before its work of destruction is fairly begun; we cut short the career of the disease. This, in outline, is the principle of anti-toxine.

"How do we get the anti-toxine or anti-poison? Well, that is simple, too. We inoculate some animal, usually the horse, with a mild form of diphtheria poison, and our quadrupedal friend develops in its blood the anti-toxine. We bleed the animal and let the blood obtained stand for a time in a cold place. A clot forms; the clear, amber-colored or red liquid which remains contains in solution the anti-toxine, and is ready for use.

"No, the horse doesn't die. He has a little fever after the inoculation, but generally is in condition in a few days after bleeding for a fresh injection. The disease is usually too mild in its form to affect him beyond the generation of the valuable anti-toxine."

"How do you obtain the diphtheria poison?"

"That question," answered the bacteriologist, "hits upon one of the most important parts of the process. Every day we receive from physicians a large number of little tubes containing a little of the mucous membrane taken from the throats of suspected cases of diphtheria. The membrane is thoroughly examined under the microscope, and that which is found to contain an abundant growth of bacilli is selected to furnish the germs for the toxine or poison. These germs are separated from bacteria of other diseases which may be present, and then are put in tubes filled with a sort of beef bouillon; in this broth, which stands in an incubator at the temperature of the human body for two days, the germs grow and exude their poison. But perhaps you would like to see something of the process with your own eyes."

We stepped into the main laboratory, and the doctor slid open the door of one of the incubators. The sight inside was not striking. There were simply some bottles resembling babies' milk-bottles in shape and size, and each of them was about half full of a dark liquid, a very innocent-looking fluid, having the appearance of ordinary soup. There was nothing to suggest that death was lurking in it.

"We strain and filter this broth," continued the doctor. "The bacilli are dead and become a part of the refuse, but their poison remains in the liquid. Here is some of it in this vial. It is gray and cloudy-looking, you see. Before we use it of course we want to know how strong it is, and the only way to ascertain its strength is to test it on some living thing. If the creature dies or is made very ill by an injection, we know the poison is stronger than that which does not affect it so seriously. Yes, it is rather hard on the animals, but their lives are sacrificed to save human life. Come up-stairs and I will show them to you."

In a loft of the hospital were a great number of wire cages, and in each of them were about a score of smooth-coated guinea-pigs. Some were very lively and chipper; their time for experiment had not yet come. Some sat motionless in their cages, with drowsy, half-closed eyes and drooping heads; these were in the clutches of the disease. Some were dead—small victims to remorseless science.

"After we have tested the poison by the means illustrated here, it is put up in tubes and sent to the veterinary hospital in Fifty-seventh Street, where we keep our horses. And, by the way, if you want to get an idea of the second stage of the process of making the anti-toxine, you had better go right up there, because they are going to bleed three or four animals this afternoon."

An hour afterward I saw a rather bony, but otherwise

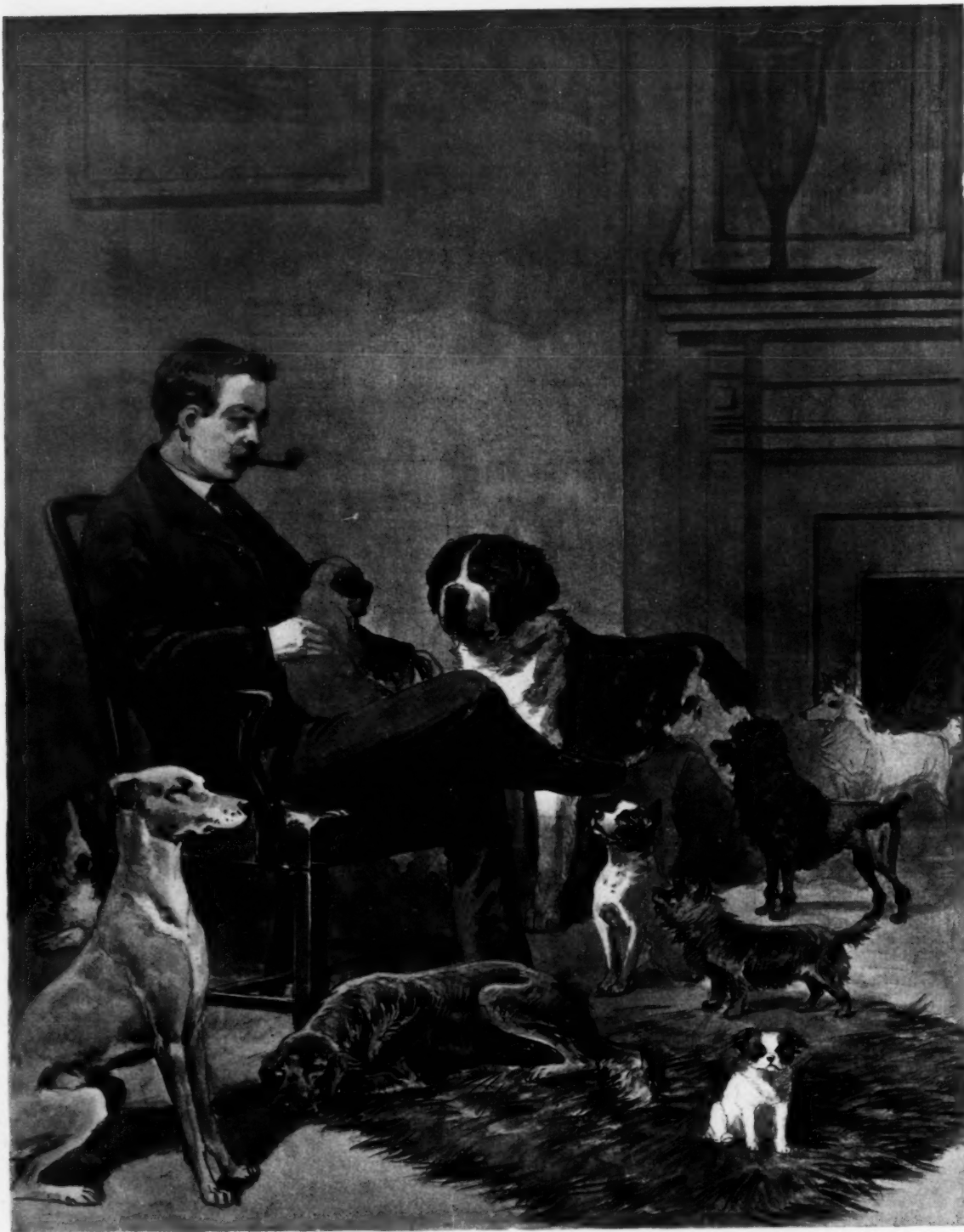


BLEEDING A HORSE FOR THE SERUM.

healthy-looking horse, led from his spacious and airy stall out upon the clean floor of the hospital stable. Forty-two animals, belonging to the Health Board, which were in the various stages of diphtheria were quartered in the hospital, but the big brown animal and two others were among the longest inoculated, and they had been selected to give up, this afternoon, some of their diphtheria-resisting blood. Just over the jugular vein in the horse's neck the surgeon clipped away the hair. The animal seemed to have a nervous, apprehensive air, as if uncertain as to what was coming, and it pricked up its ears and threw back its neck when the surgeon cut a deep two-inch slit in the muscles, just above the jugular. Then a canula, a little cylinder-shaped instrument, with a sharp point on one end, was

(Continued on page 126.)





A DOG-FANCIER AT HOME.



COLLIE.



GREAT DANE.



BLOODHOUND.



POINTER.

COCKER SPANIEL.

SETTER.



MASTIFF.



DACHSHUND.



BULL DOG.



IRISH TERRIER.





"Christina sat down with her mother to talk over the wedding dress."

## A KNIGHT OF THE NETS.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

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I. **T**would be easy to walk many a time through "Fife and a' the lands about it" and never once find the little fishing hamlet of Pittencraigie. Indeed, it would be a singular thing if it was found, unless some special business and direction led to it. For clearly it was never intended that human beings should build homes where these cottages cling together, between sea and sky; a few here and a few there, hidden away in every bend of the rock, where a little ground could be leveled, until the tides, in stormy weather, break with threat and fury on the very door-steps of the lowest cottages.

Yet, as the lofty semicircle of hills bends inward the sea follows, and there is a fair harbor, where the fishing-boats ride together while their sails dry in the afternoon sun. Then the hamlet is still, for the men are sleeping off the weariness of their night work, while the children play quietly among the tangle and the women mend nets or bait the lines for the next fishing. A lonely little spot, shut in by sea and land, and yet life is there in all its passionate variety—love and hate, jealousy and avarice,

youth, with its ideal sorrows and infinite expectations; age, with its memories and regrets, and "sure and certain hope."

The cottages also have their individualities. Although they are much of the same size and pattern, an observing eye would have picked out the Binnie cottage as distinctive and prepossessing. Its outside walls were as white as lime could make them, its small windows brightened with geraniums and a muslin curtain, and the litter of ropes and nets and drying fish which encumbered the majority of thatches was pleasantly absent. Standing on a little level, thirty feet above the shingle, it faced the open sea, and was constantly filled with the confused tones of its sighing surges, and penetrated by its pulsating, tremendous vitality. It had been the home of many generations of Binnies, and the very old and the very young had usually shared its comforts together, but at the time of my story there remained of the family only the widow of the last proprietor, her son Andrew, and her daughter Christina.

Christina was twenty years old and still unmarried—a strange thing in Pittencraigie, where early marriage is the rule. Some said she was vain and set up with her beauty, and could find no lad good enough; others thought she was a selfish, cold-hearted lassie, feared for the cares and labors of a fisher's wife. On this July afternoon the girl had been some hours stretching and

mending the pile of nets at her feet, but at length they were in perfect order, and she threw her arms upward and outward to relieve their weariness, and then went to the open door. The tide was coming in, but the children were still paddling in the pools and on the cold bladder-wrack, and she stepped forward to the edge of the cliff and threw them some wild geranium and ragwort. Then she stood motionless in the bright sunlight, looking down the shingle toward the pier and the little tavern, from which came in drowsy tones the rough monotonous songs which seamen sing.

Standing thus, in the clear strong light, her great beauty was not to be denied. She was tall and not too slender, and at this moment the set of her head was like that of a thoroughbred horse when it pricks its ears to listen. She had full, soft brown eyes, with long lashes and heavy eyebrows; an open-air complexion, dazzling, even teeth, an abundance of dark, rippling hair, and a flush of ardent life, opening her wide nostrils and stirring gently the exquisite mould of her throat and bust. The moral impression she gave was that of a pure, strong, compassionate woman; cool-headed, but not cold; capable of vigorous joys and griefs. After a few minutes' investigation, she went back to the cottage and stood in the open doorway with her head leaning against the lintel. Her mother had begun to prepare



the evening meal; fresh fish was frying over the fire, and the oat-cakes toasting before it; yet as she moved rapidly about she was watching her daughter, and very soon she gave words to her thoughts.

"Christina, you'll no require to be looking after Andrew. The lad has been asleep ever since he eat his dinner."

"I know that, mother."

"And if it's Jamie Lauder you're thinking o', let me tell ye it's a poor business. I have a fear and an inward down-sinking about that young man."

"Perfect nonsense, mother! There's nothing to fear you about Jamie."

"What good ever came through folk saved from the sea? They bring sorrow back wi' them, and that's a fact weel known."

"What could Andrew do but save the lad?"

"Why was the lad running before such a sea? He should have got into harbor; there was time enough. And if it was Andrew's duty to save him, it is na your duty to be loving him; you may tak' that much sense from me."

"Whist, mother! He hasna said a word o' love to me."

"He perfectly changes colors the moment he sees you, and you are just making yourself a speculation to the whole village, Christina. I'm no liking the look o' the thing, and Andrew's no liking it, and if you dinna tak' care o' yourself you'll be in a burning fever o' first love and beyond all reasoning with."

The girl flushed hotly, came into the house and began to reset the tea-tray, for she heard Jamie's steps upon the rocky road, and his voice, clear as a blackbird's, gayly whistling "In the Bay of Biscay O'."

"The tea-cups are a' right, Christina. I'm talking anent Jamie Lauder. The lad is just a temptation to you, and you'll need to ask for strength to be kept from temptation, for the best o' us dinna expect strength to resist it."

Christina turned her face to her mother and then left her answer to Jamie Lauder. He came in at the moment with a little tartan shawl in his hand, which he gallantly threw across the shoulders of Mistress Binnie. "I hae just bought it from a peddler loon," he said. "It's bonnie and soft, and it sets you weel, and I hope you'll pleasure me by wearing it."

His face was so bright, his manner so charming, that it was impossible for Janet Binnie to resist him. "You're a fleecing, flattering laddie," she answered, but she stroked and fingered the gay kerchief, while Christina made her observe how bright were the colors of it, and how neatly the soft folds fell around her. Then the door of the inner room opened, and Andrew came sleepily out.

"The fish is burning, and the oat-cakes, too, for I'm smelling them ben the house," he said, and Janet ran to the fireside and hastily turned her herring and cakes.

"I'm feared you'll no think much o' your meat to-night," she said, regretfully; "the tea is fairly ruined."

"Never mind the meat, mother," said Andrew; "we dinna live to eat."

"Never mind the meat! What perfect nonsense! There's something wrong wi' folk that dinna mind their meat."

"Weel, then, you shouldna be so vain o' yourself, mother. You were preening like a young lassie when I got sight o' you—and the meat taking care o' itself."

"Me vain! Na, na! Naeboddy that kens Janet Binnie can say she's vain. I wot weel that I am a frail, miserable creature, wi' little need o' being vain, either o' myself or my bairns. But draw to the table and eat; I'll warrant the fish will prove better than it's bonnie."

They sat down with pleasant content that soon broadened into mirth and laughter. Presently Jamie took a letter from his pocket and showed it to Andrew. "Robert Toddy brought it this afternoon," he said, "and, as you may see, it is from the Hendersons, o' Glasgow, and they say there will be a berth soon for me in one o' their ships. And their boats are good and their captains good, and there's chances for a fine sailor on that line. I may be a captain myself one o' these days!" and he laughed so gayly and looked so bravely into the face of such a bold idea that he persuaded every one else to expect it for him. Janet pulled her new shawl a little closer and smiled; her thought was: "After all, Christina may wait longer and fare worse, for she's turned twenty;" yet she showed a little reserve as she asked:

"Are you then Glasgow-born, Jamie Lauder?"

"Me Glasgow-born! What are you thinking o'? I'm from the auld East Neuk, and I'm proud o' being a Fifer. A' my common-sense comes from Fife. There's nae loves the 'kingdom' mair than Jamie Lauder. We're a' Fife thegither. I thought you knew it."

At these words there was a momentary shadow across the door and a little lassie slipped in, and when she did so every one put down their cup to welcome her. Andrew reddened to the

roots of his hair; his eyes filled with light, a tender smile softened his firm mouth, and he put out his hand and drew the girl to the chair which Christina had pushed close to his own.

"You're a sight for sair e'en, Sophy Thrail," said Mistress Binnie; but for all that she gave Sophy a glance in which there was much speculation, not unmixed with fear and disapproval; for it was easy to see that Andrew Binnie loved her, and that she was not at all like him, nor yet like the fisher-girls of Pittencraigie. Sophy, however, was not responsible for this difference, for early orphanage had placed her in the care of an aunt, who carried on a dress—and bonnet-making business in Largo; and she had turned the little fisher-maid into a girl after her own heart and wishes.

She came frequently, indeed, to visit her own people in Pittencraigie, but she had gradually grown less and less like them; and there was no wonder that Mistress Binnie asked herself, fearfully: "What kind of a wife at all she would make for a Fife fisherman?" She was so small and genty, she had such a lovely face, such fair rippling hair, and her gown was of blue muslin made in the fashion of the day, and finished with a lace collar round her throat and a ribbon belt round her slender waist. "A bonnie lass for a carriage and pair," thought Janet Binnie, "but whatever will she do wi' the creel and the nets, no' to speak o' the bairns and the housewark?"

Andrew was too much in love to consider these questions. When he was six years old he had carried Sophy in his arms all day long; when he was twelve they had paddled on the sands and fished and played and learned their lessons together. She had promised then to be his wife, as soon as he was a man and had a house and a boat of his own; and never for one moment since had Andrew doubted the validity and certainty of this promise. To Andrew, and to Andrew's family, and to the whole village of Pittencraigie, the marriage of Andrew Binnie and Sophy Thrail was a fact beyond disputing. Some said it was "the right thing," and more said it was "the foolish thing"; and among the latter was Andrew's mother, though as yet she had said it very cautiously to Andrew.

But she sent the young people out of the house while she redd up the disorder made by the evening meal, though as she wiped her tea-cups she went frequently to the little window and looked at the four young things sitting together on the bit of turf which carpeted the top of the cliff before the cottage. Andrew, as a privileged lover, held Sophy's hand; Christina sat next to her brother and facing Jamie Lauder, so it was easy to see how her face kindled and her manner softened to the charm of his merry conversation, his snatches of breezy sea-song, and his clever bits of mimicry. And as Janet walked to and fro, setting her cups and plates in the rack and putting in place the table and chairs, she did what we might all do more frequently and be the wiser for it—she talked to herself, to the real woman within her, and thus got to the bottom of things.

In less than an hour there began to be a movement about the pier, and then Andrew and Jamie went away to their night's work; and the girls sat still and watched the men across the level sands, and the boats hurrying out to the fishing-grounds. Then they went back to the cottage, and found that Mistress Binnie had taken her knitting and gone to chat with a crony who lived higher up the cliff.

"We're our lane, Sophy," said Christina, "but women-folk are often that." She spoke a little sadly, the sweet melancholy of conscious but unacknowledged love being heavy in her heart; and she would not have been sorry had she been quite alone with her vaguely happy dreams. Neither of the girls was inclined to talk, but Christina wondered at Sophy's silence, for she had been unusually merry while the young men were present.

Now she sat quiet on the doorstep, clasping her left knee with hands that had no sign of labor on them but the mark of the needle on the left forefinger. At her side Christina stood, her tall, straight figure seeming nobly clad in a striped blue-and-white linsey petticoat, and a little posey of lilac print, cut low enough to show the white, firm throat above it. Her fine face radiated thought and feeling; she was on the verge of that experience which glorifies the simplest life. The exquisite gloaming, the tender sky, the full, heaving sea, were in sweetest sympathy; they were sufficient, and Sophy's thin, fretful voice broke the charm and almost offended her.

"It is a weary life, Christina! How do you thole it?"

"You're just talking. You were happy enough half an hour syne."

"I wasn't happy at all."

"You let on like you were. I should think you would be as feared to act a lie as to tell one."

"I'll be away from Pittencraigie to-morrow morn."

"Whatna for?"

"I hae my reasons."

"No doubt you hae a 'because' of your own, but what will Andrew say? He's no expecting it."

"I dinna care what he says."

"Sophy Thrail!"

"I dinna; Andrew Binnie is na the whole o' life to me."

"Whatever is the matter with you?"

"Naething."

Then there was a pause, and Christina's thoughts flew seaward. In a few minutes, however, Sophy began talking again. "Do you come often as far as Largo, Christina?" she asked.

"Whiles I take myself that far. You may count me up for the last year; I sought you every time."

"Aye. Do you mind on the Law road a bonnie house, fine and old, with a braw garden, and peacocks in it, trailing their long feathers o'er the grass and gravel?"

"You'll be meaning Braelands? Folks canna miss the house if they tried to."

"I was wondering if you ever noticed a young man about the place. He is aye dressed for the saddle, or else he is in the saddle, and so, maist sure to hae a whip in his hand."

"What are you talking for?"

"He is brawly handsome. They call him Archie Braelands."

"I have heard tell o' him, and by what is said, I shouldn't think he was an improving friend for any young girl to have."

"This or that, he likes me. He likes me beyond everything."

"Do you know what you are saying, Sophy?"

"I do, fine."

"Are you liking him?"

"It wouldna be hard to do."

"Has he ever spoke to you?"

"Weel, he's no as blate as a fisher-lad. I find him in my way when I'm no thinking; and see here, Christina! I got a letter from him this afternoon. A real love-letter. Such bonnie words! They are like poetry. They are bonnie as singing."

"Did you tell Andrew this?"

"Why would I do that?"

"You are a false little cutty, Sophy Thrail. I would tell Andrew myself, but I'm loath to hurt his true heart. Now, you be to leave Archie Braelands alone, or I'll ken the reason why."

"Gude preserve us a'! What a blazing passion for naething! Can't a lassie gie a bit o' lassie's chat without calling a court o' sessions anent it?" And she rose and shook her skirt and said with an air of offense: "You may tell Andrew if you like to. It would be a poor thing if a girl is to be miscalled every time a man told her she was bonnie."

"I'm no saying you can help men making fools o' themselves, but you should hae told Braelands you were a promised wife."

"Everybody can't live in Pittencraigie, Christina, and if you live with a town-full you canna go up and down saying to every man-boddy: 'Please, sir, I hae a lad o' my ain, and you're no to look at me.' But gude-night, Christina; you and me are auld friends, and it will be mair than a lad that parts us."

"But you'll no treat Andrew ill. I couldna love you, Sophy, if you did the like o' that."

"Gie him a kiss for me, and you may say I would hae told him I was going back to Largo the morn, but I canna bear to see him unhappy. That's a word that will set him on the mast-head o' pride and pleasure."

## II.

CHRISTINA was troubled by Sophy's confidence, but she thought it premature to disturb Andrew's serene faith in the girl he loved. He was, as she knew well, very "touchy" about Sophy, being quite aware that the women of Pittencraigie did not approve the change in her. "And so many things happen as the clock goes round," she thought. "Braelands may put himself out o' favor, or he may tak' himself off to some far-awa' country, or 'them behind' may sort what I canna manage; sae I'll just keep a shut mouth anent the matter. One may think what one daurna say, but words aince spoken canna be wiped out wi' a sponge."

Christina had also reached a crisis in her own life. The feeling between Jamie Lauder and herself was that eager love which begins with love, and a week after Sophy's visit Jamie had found his opportunity to teach Christina the secret of her own heart. Sitting on the lonely rocks, with the moonlit sea at their feet, they had told each other how sweet it was to love, and the plans growing out of this confession, though humble enough, were full of strange hope and happy dreaming to Christina. When Jamie got his berth in the great Scotch line she was to become his wife. Then she would have to make her home in Glasgow, and these two facts were stupendous ones to the simple fisher-girl and scarcely less so to her mother, who was both pleased and fearful in the prospect.

"It's a grand thing for Christina," she said to her crony, Marget Roy, "and the lad is a

respectable lad, handsome and weel spoken o', and I'm thinking the Line has got a bargain in him, and is proud o' it; still, I'm feared for my bairn, in such a wicked-like place as Glasgo'. But she'll hae a floor o' her ain, and a' things convenient, and that's some safety and comfort. She's my one lassie, and I'm sair to lose her; but we canna stop the clock, and ye ken, Marget, that marriage is like death—it is what we must a' come to."

"Weel, Janet, your Christina has been lang spared from it."

"Christina has had her offers, but what will you? We must wait for the right man or go to the de'il wi' the wrang one."

"You'll be lanely enou' wanting her, for I'm hearing Andrew Binnie isna to be kept single much langer, and Sophy Thrail canna fill Christina's shoes."

"Sophy's weel enou'. She suits Andrew, and it is Andrew has to live wi' her."

So the talk ran on until Marget said, abruptly, "I'll be going. I hae the kirkyard to pass, and between the day and the dark it's a mournfu' spot."

"It is," answered Mistress Binnie. "Folks shouldna be on the road when the bodiless gang about; they are like to be in the way o' them, and might get ill to themselfs. And here comes Jamie and Christina, and nae doubt they'll be wanting a mouthfu', for love is cold porridge."

But Jamie was off to the boats in a hurry, and Christina was not hungry; she sat down with her mother to talk over again what they had discussed a hundred times before—the wedding dress and the wedding feast, and the nuptial and plenshing she was to have for her own home; and somehow, as they talked thus confidentially, Christina told her mother what Sophy had said about Archie Braelands.

(To be continued.)

## The Cedar Chest.

HER dainty summer wardrobe lay  
On sofa, table, chair, and bed,

All ready to be put away

With orris-root and sweet sachet.

"This tennis-gown goes first," she said;

"Twill do another season yet."

(I had it on the day we met.)

"This hat, all smothered up in veils,

Is quite passé; I'm sure of that."

She paused; above the autumn gales

She seemed to hear the flap of sails.

"He always liked me in this hat

This jacket, too, he thought divine—

I'll keep it, tho' 'tis stained with brine.

"This parasol, all lined with red,

I cannot use again next year.

How many foolish things he said

While holding it above my head,

And meant not one of them, 'tis clear.

I'll tear the cover from the stalk—

(It's lucky parasols can't talk.)

"This dancing-dress, although quite new,

Is soiled about the hem, I see.

He made me walk out in the dew

(I went quite willingly, 'tis true)

To that garbled seat beneath the tree.

This little rip, too, in the lace

Was made there in that very place.

"This morning-suit of white piqué—

I wore it when he said good-bye.

I never liked that suit some way—

I'll give it to the maid to-day."

She closed the chest down with a sigh.

Beneath the silent cedar lid

A girl's dead dream of love lay hid.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## A Literary Censorship.

In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* Mr. W. D. Howells, in reviewing some books of verse, writes as follows:

"There was scarcely one of my poets' books but held some good thing; something that by itself could be read and prized; and there was scarcely any that was worth reading quite through. Is there no possible censorship which could pass upon them before they come to the ordeal of print? Cannot something be done to keep poets at their best? Perhaps not; and yet if it could be done, it would be such a saving of time and material."

Mr. Howells must realize that it would require a many-sided mind—octagon, at least—to decide what poems were worth including in, and what poems should be excluded from, any book of verse.

The verses which might seem quite perfect from the artistic point of view to Mr. Howells, would be void of meaning to a thousand people who would eagerly devour a crude rhyme, which he would expel as unworthy of preservation in any collection.

A score of people look over a hotel menu and select a score of different dishes. One likes lobster, another detests it; one wants his meat rare, another overdone; still another is a vegetarian. A score of people take up a book of poems in exactly the same way, and are as varied in their tastes regarding their mental food. To one the sonnet is the only real form of verse—another fails to see any beauty in it,



and wants the swing and echo of rhythm. Another prefers blank verse, and others like the "formless form" which Mr. Howells objected to in Stephen Crane's poems. The same objection, coupled with ridicule, was made to Walt Whitman's verse years ago; could the "literary censorship" have been exercised upon his first books before they saw print, his would have been a forgotten name to-day, no doubt, instead of ranking among the giants of thought.

If a poet decides that he wishes to write for the ear of other poets and critics only, then it would be wise for him to select a censor, the most exacting and critical, to sift his poems before allowing them to go to press. But if the poet writes for humanity, he had better let his own judgment guide him in the matter. As a rule, poets who are at all worthy of the name know human nature and its needs better than the critic can possibly know them. One may be an artist in verse-making without being a poet. But the born poet is born, too, with a sort of clairvoyance which enables him to get at the needs of human hearts—needs which mere art can rarely realize and much less feed.

Once upon a time the writer knew a poet who was forever being cudgelled by the critics and patronized and advised by older poets. They told him over and over that he ought to winnow his verse—that not one poem in twelve should be published, at least under his name.

One day he wrote a rhyme which was certainly very far from artistic, and his brother craftsmen pronounced it very bad, and declared that he ought to be treated very coldly indeed by the great and awful ones who decide upon the merits and demerits of literary aspirants among themselves, and for one another. Yet this little verse went out into the world, and dropped like a seed into the heart of a wretched, ignorant man, staggering under a load of sin and its punishment. I saw not long ago the letter this wretched man had written that poet—crude and ill-spelled, but overflowing with feeling and gratitude. "Your verse gave me the first hope I ever had to brace up and go on," it said, "and I did brace up, and I am on my feet again, living an honest life."

Somehow the poet seemed more pleased with this scrawl than he appeared a few months later, when the most generous of the great and awful critics praised a sonnet he had written, as a work of art.

A poet told me that a certain poem of his had gone the rounds of the best periodicals of the day, and one editor, in declining it, explained that it was not what the public desired. Afterward the poem appeared in a newspaper, and in less than eight weeks the author received twenty-five letters from strangers regarding the verses, some asking where extra copies could be procured, others thanking the poet for the pleasure or benefit the verses had given.

Very, very often the lines which are pronounced to be "gems" by a dozen critics fall utterly dead on the great world of people outside of that limited circle. It is all very well to be able to command the praise of that circle now and then, but it strikes me that to be wholly satisfied with it, and to never stray beyond it, would be absolutely impossible for one richly endowed by nature with poetical gifts.

I fear that many a popular poet's influence and income would be curtailed were Mr. Howells to succeed in his plan of censorship.

Criticism at best and worst is but one man's opinion. Many an "unfinished" bit of verse is the voice of multitudes and the expression of a thousand hearts.

The gods never intended a poet to be harassed and driven by a critic!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

### A Notable Kentucky Girl.

A PRETTY young woman, with sudden notoriety thrust upon her, is Miss Harriet Bain-



MISS HARRIET BAINBRIDGE RICHARDSON.

bridge Richardson, of Lexington, Kentucky, whom Secretary Herbert has distinguished with

an invitation to christen the prospective battleship *Kentucky*, when it is launched at Newport News. Now Miss Richardson, throwing tradition and champagne to the winds, proposes to celebrate her sponsorship of the noblest offspring of Uncle Sam's navy in royal old Bourbon whisky.

"And what more characteristic and significant liquor could I use in the momentous rite!" laughs this dimpling, dashing Blue Grass thoroughbred. "Isn't it the State's most boasted product, and isn't its manufacture licensed by the very government whose handiwork it is going to christen?"

But it is this unique departure that has stirred up the tempest in the tea-pot. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and temperance people generally are raising a terrific hue and cry. The innocent young agitator is overwhelmed with hysterical and horrified protests from all over the land, and hapless Secretary Herbert even does not escape. Earnest are the remonstrances of the Kentucky Woman's Christian Temperance Union against "the use and advertisement of that product of the State, which is the emblem of delusion, disaster, and death."

These good women advocate pure water, and if tradition and historic glamour are necessary elements—why, the water from Henry Clay's old spring at Ashland, a stone's-throw from Miss Richardson's door. But Miss Richardson is staunch to her convictions and—old Bourbon! and the air is thick about her pretty head with condemnations and congratulations. And as yet there is no sign that Secretary Herbert proposes to interfere to the extent of requiring an abandonment of the programme she has determined upon.

Kentuckians are projecting a graceful tribute to their State's noble nautical namesake, and to her, its lovely sponsor, in a superb silver service impressed with Miss Richardson's likeness, which they propose to present to the new man-of-war.

The notable young woman is as great a toast in the Eastern cities as at home. She is a frequent guest of her beautiful sister, Mrs. Colonel Farney, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It was at a Washington dinner on Christmas Day that Secretary Herbert first met and distinguished her by inviting her to officiate as sponsor of the new ship.

DAISY FITZHUGH AYRES.

### American Beauty Honored.

At a brilliant reception given in Paris, in honor of Eulalia, whose recent American visit is still fresh in the memory of many of our readers, among all the throng of distinguished men and women who paid their compliments to hostess and guest of honor was one young American matron and her husband, whose carriage happened to be called while Eulalia was waiting for hers.

Eulalie's eyes fell upon the well-known couple, and instantly her attention centred upon them. "Who is that beautiful woman?" she asked. "I never shall forget her face."

"Mrs. Albert Herter, the artist's wife." "Oh, how lovely she is!" cried Eulalia. "Among all the people I ever saw she is the most charming—the most perfect!"

Mrs. Albert Herter and her gifted husband are sharing honors in their art as well as in their social life in Paris. Their home life is as ideal as mutual tastes, popularity, and wealth can make it, and their work with brush and crayon—subtle, trained, intelligent—while widely differing in kind, holds almost equally high rank in the Salon exhibitions.

Americans proudly point to their artistic and

domestic idyls as a happy proof of what may be accomplished in professional pursuits without



MRS. ALBERT HERTER.

any sacrifice of individual delicacy or personal charm. C. W. ROCKWOOD.

### A New York Woman.

A LOVELY face always is an interesting study, needing no name to enhance its intrinsic value. In this portrait of a New York girl, many society men and women will recognize one who, having the courage of her convictions, sets a



A TYPE OF AMERICAN BEAUTY. Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

fine example in the exquisite taste and refined elegance of her toilettes, in the discrimination and practical common sense with which she uses her fortune and her influence, and in an unswerving loyalty to her friends.

It is easy to recognize independence and force in the poise of the head, in the firm mouth, and in the strong chin.

The picture sets forth a type of American vigor, grace, and beauty that is most essentially feminine while equally strong.

### People Talked About.

—ONE way to attain a juvenile old age would seem to be to write books for boys. This recipe has proved efficacious at least in the case of Horatio Alger, Junior, and of "Oliver Optic," who, after writing for two generations of boys,

has just set out on a tour of the world for more material for his pen; while J. T. Trowbridge, though he lacks one year of being seventy, is as lively and vigorous as he was twenty years ago. Mr. Trowbridge lives in a very charming home at Arlington, a few miles out from Boston. It is probably forgotten that just half a century ago he vainly endeavored to earn a living in New York City by writing poetry for the local magazines of that period. He found that he could earn more money engraving watch-cases, however, and it was not until twenty years later, when he undertook to write stories for boys, that literature began to yield him a substantial reward.

—Those who believe that man is what he eats will have a problem to solve in Dr. Edward Everett Hale's lunch. A Boston woman who interrupted Dr. Hale while he was dispatching this mid-day repast with nervous haste says that it was composed of a glass of milk, a few caraway-seed cakes, and a hunk of gingerbread of the good old New England kind, mahogany-colored because of the molasses in it. The eminent divine, author, and philanthropist was eating at his desk, manuscript thick about him, and taking his chances with dyspepsia. But Dr. Hale is the personification of physical energy, despite his lunch and his years, and as busy a man as there is in literature.

—An interesting exhibition of posters was given by Will H. Bradley recently, in Springfield, Massachusetts, which has been the artist's home for the past year. There were one hundred and fifty examples of his own work shown and a number by French artists of celebrity, like Cheret and Grasset. Mr. Bradley has found this popular kind of advertising art most remunerative, and fortune is repaying him manifold for his long term of hard work and scant pay in a Chicago map-maker's establishment. Personally Mr. Bradley is a man of extreme modesty, even to the point of diffidence, slender and rather delicate physically, and with a face that is melancholy in repose.

—The name of Kate Dale promises to become as familiar to the public as Lillian Russell's or Ada Rehan's. Many lovers of comedy have already learned to watch for it, and interviewers are beginning to wait upon the clever young



KATE DALE.

Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

woman who, for professional uses, has lately adopted it. Good authority declares her unusually endowed with the necessary gifts for success, being beautiful, young, quick-witted, imitative, and magnetic. She is as brave as she is charming, and, undaunted by great family trouble and grief, is facing her new work with determination to win.

—Probably the best-paid editor in the United States at the present moment is Morrill Goddard, who is in charge of the Sunday edition of the *New York Journal*. He is reputed to receive twenty-five thousand dollars a year for his services. Mr. Goddard is a slender, slight, boyish-looking young man of about thirty-three years, with a beardless face. He is a Maine man, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and he began his career in New York journalism as a reporter on the *World* ten years ago.

—LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first American publication to get news of Miss Susan Strong's wonderful success in London, last October, and it is a pleasure to announce the steadily-increasing triumphs of the young American prima-donna. Miss Strong is now in Naples, singing at the San Carlos Opera House, under the leadership of Mancinelli, in the rôles of *Sieglinde*, *Elsa*, and *Margherita*. She is no longer a *débutante*, but an acknowledged artist of the first rank among singers of her age.





' On the great dancing-floor, the half-world, the bohemians, and others who have thrown off the trammels of conventionality, glide and whirl in the mazes of the

THE ARION BALL  
AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY





the mazes of the dance. Their movements are easy and free and careless. They are in costume—fantastic, daring costume, in some cases—and are masked."

# ARION BALL

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 11TH.—[SEE PAGE 127.]



## How Anti-Toxine Cures Diphtheria.

(Continued from page 119.)

pushed into the vein, and a stream of blood spurted through the rubber tube attached to the canula and into the glass flask held to receive it. In a steady stream the blood poured out until several of the flasks had been filled. These flasks, as is the case with all the vessels used, had been carefully sterilized and prepared be-

mal receiving the same amount of toxine and a different amount of anti-toxine. In a few days it is possible to ascertain just how much of the anti-toxine is necessary to save the life of the guinea-pig, and thus an accurate idea of its strength is obtained.

The serum from different horses is found to vary greatly in strength, the reason being that there is a wide difference in the physical characteristics of the animals. Some are so sensitive to the poison that they succumb to even small doses; others are hardly affected at all. The horses are very carefully watched after inoculation, and after the fever has subsided and the local swelling gone down, there is a fresh injection. Week after week this is repeated until finally the horse becomes so inured to the poison that a dose a thousand times larger than the first one is given without evil consequences. It will be noticed that the poison resulting from the culture of the bacilli in broth, and not the bacilli themselves, is used in inoculating the horses. In theory the bacilli them-



AMONG THE GUINEA-PIGS UPON WHOM THE SERUM IS TESTED.

forehand. The horse stood motionless, apparently taking little heed of the operation, and four quarts of blood were drawn before the canula was taken out and the stream allowed to resume its accustomed course through the vein. After the two other horses had been bled, the flasks were set away in an ice-box. An interval of about two days elapses before they are taken out. Then the fluid, which has remained after the forming of the blood-clot is drawn off. It contains the anti-toxine in solution, and is ready for hypodermic injection into the patient, after its strength has been tested on guinea-pigs. This second guinea-pig test is made by taking bouillon containing diphtheretic poison or toxine ten times in amount sufficient to kill the animals. To this is added varying amounts of the serum to be tested, and the mixture of toxine and anti-toxine is injected into the guinea-pigs, each ani-

mal receiving the same amount of toxine and a different amount of anti-toxine. In a few days it is possible to ascertain just how much of the anti-toxine is necessary to save the life of the guinea-pig, and thus an accurate idea of its strength is obtained.

mal receiving the same amount of toxine and a different amount of anti-toxine. In a few days it is possible to ascertain just how much of the anti-toxine is necessary to save the life of the guinea-pig, and thus an accurate idea of its strength is obtained. J. HERBERT WELCH.

## House Dogs and the Bench Show.

FOR twenty years past, increasing thousands have flocked to the bench-shows for dogs held at the Madison Square Garden. And in other cities than New York, where dog-shows have been held, this has also been so. This fact shows that the dog is a popular animal, and is held in proper and very high appreciation by the human family. The position of women in any section of the world is said to be a sure index of the state of civilization of that section; that much might also be said of dogs. The most civilized man, the man of the greatest refinement and cultivation, treats his dog as an affectionate companion and a valued friend; the savage—even the savage who would find life in the frozen North almost impossible without the dog—treats his dog with thorough brutality, with as little regard, indeed, as he treats his burden-bearing squaw. It is a thoroughly good thing for men and dogs to live in intimate companionship, as the dog can teach man many valuable lessons of faithfulness and fidelity. But the urban man has much difficulty in gratifying his taste for dogs, as in city establishments there is scant room for dogs to live in comfort and in health. And yet there are dogs that can thrive in-doors, and those who must have house dogs or none should exercise a wise discretion in choosing such.

A dog not thoroughly house-broken quickly becomes an insufferable nuisance. But a young dog is so easily taught to be gentleman-like that there is no excuse for a nasty fellow. A nasty dog is pretty sure indication of a careless, if not a nasty, master. I know of no dog, save a mongrel, that is not pleasant to have about the house. Nearly all dogs have a certain natural odor, which to some olfactories is not grateful, and the larger the dog and the heavier the coat the greater this is apt to be. Therefore, all other things being equal, a small, smooth, short-coated dog is to be preferred in the house. A few years ago there can be no doubt that the pug was the most popular house dog, and the lack of odor of the pug determined this popularity. But the pug is not nearly so much fun as some other dogs, which have all his advantages and many others besides. The pug, compared with the fox-terrier, is a dull and unintelligent animal.

Besides this, the fox-terrier is all dog—dog-like in courage, in loyalty, in activity, in intellect—while the pug is as undog-like as any of the canine race. The fox-terrier, indeed, is, in my opinion, the best of all house dogs. He is a little gentleman in his habits, and will suffer any pain rather than be unclean. He is also beautiful and graceful, and his intelligence is second to none of the canines. He makes himself useful in a house in his war on vermin, of which he is a natural enemy.

I am told, and I believe it to be true, that the various toy-dogs are good house companions. I hope that this is so, as it is certain that they serve no other useful purpose. As, however, I am not acquainted with them, I will not run the risk of writing libels on them. So I dismiss them, as far as this article is concerned, and return to the real dogs. The various spaniels, though they have long coats, are capital companions on account of their amiability and their quick intelligence. This is true of all of this family, from the setter and retriever to the Blenheim spaniel and the French poodle. The poodle, by the way, has often been credited with having the richest endowment of intelligence of any of the dogs. It appears to be undoubted that the poodle has the greatest capacity for tricks, but I do not for a moment give him credit for more intelligence than various of the sporting dogs or than the industrious and useful collie. Intelligence, however, is of the greatest importance in a house dog, for a dull dog, like a dull person, is very apt to be in the way three-fourths of the time. Then the dull dog never learns when to be gay, when to be sympathetic; but the intelligent animal, with a capacity for comradeship, glides into his master's moods instinctively.

The large dogs, such as the mastiff, the Newfoundland, and the St. Bernard, are good house dogs by reason of their intelligence, but they ought not to be kept in an ordinary city house, for in such an establishment so large a dog would find it hard indeed to get sufficient exercise to insure good health. It is a wrong and a cruelty to so imprison one of these dogs, and I am glad to believe that it is done not nearly so frequently as formerly. The pointer and the

setter are both of them attractive and well-behaved house dogs, and they are not particularly hurt in their field work by reason of the fact that they have served as companions. But it has always seemed to me that neither of these dogs should be kept as a companion alone. One of the most remarkable things in natural history is the development of the training of the pointer and the setter, until it has now become an instinct so strong that puppies before receiving a lesson will come to a stand on the scent of game. It must be a distinct loss for such a dog to go without training or to lack for employment; therefore I have always felt that they should not be used as companions alone.

The dogs of the hound family are usually intelligent, and therefore pleasant to have about the house. They are also frequently very picturesque and graceful. The Italian greyhound is a most engaging little fellow, and there is something in his character which makes him specially appealing to women. The Russian wolfhound is handsome, graceful, and intelligent, and he lends to the establishment to which he belongs an air of distinction which no other dog can convey. The bloodhound—the much-maligned and little-understood bloodhound—also has qualities which fit him for the intimate companionship of the house. He is such an amiable and dignified fellow that he, with his look of profound melancholy and wisdom, would be particularly at home in the library of a student and scholar. But, as has been said before, all dogs are good house dogs if they be properly trained and if they be given enough exercise to keep them from deterioration and disease.

Special pains should be taken to feed a dog kept in the house properly. I believe that nine house dogs out of ten get too much to eat, and so become too fat or have one skin-disease or another. There are so many opportunities for a dog to pick up things here and there, that proper feeding is difficult. The makers of dog-biscuits have also contributed no little to the ideas which lead to improper feeding. These makers have maintained in their advertisements that these hard, compressed biscuits were the only food fit for dogs; these ideas have been confirmed in the minds of many by the fact that biscuits are used at the bench-shows. Biscuits are used at the bench-shows simply on account of their convenient form, not because biscuits

again, he is more likely, from hunger, to be picking up unwholesome food wherever he can find it. The dog in the house, like the master of the house, should be fed wisely, but not too well.

One other thing about the house dog. He should be kept in thorough discipline, and made to obey without protest or hesitation. Such discipline makes a dog happier, as well as better. And dogs should not be coddled too much. Indiscriminate and unreasonable petting is absolutely certain to spoil the dog that receives it. A spoiled dog is about the most worthless thing in the world, the least attractive. Therefore the habit of coddling the house dog should not be formed, for the sake of the dog and for the sake of the household. PHILIP POINDEXTER.

## Miss Yaw.

THE frail, fair girl whose unmusical name has been so faithfully sealed upon bill-boards all over the country did not meet with an ovation during her late New York appearances, and it is impossible to avoid giving utterance to the universal opinion, expressed or not, of those who listened to her phenomenal voice, even though it seem a bit cruel to speak all the truth about so young a singer.

Of course, she makes sounds a mile or so above any other known singer. It is a matter of taste whether those sounds please or simply startle, but they are absolutely true in pitch, and that fact makes her singing off the key in her lower tones all the more difficult to understand.

If Miss Yaw could be rescued from publicity, built up physically and built down vocally; be infused with magnetism and educated into artistic intonation and intelligent vocal phrasing, there would be a glorious and honorable career before her. As she sings now, the danger seems to be that the efforts in altissimo will sweep away all lower voice, and ultimately strand the Dresden-china singer upon an arid waste of shadow tones and shadowy audiences.

Birds are adorable in their cadences and trills, and Miss Yaw comes as near to them in some of her vocalizing as a human voice can; but she is not a bird, and consequently must outdo even the traditional nightingale to give equal pleasure.

Let us hope for more color, body, and tem-



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

are the best food. They are not. Dogs do not like these biscuits, and will not eat them if they can get anything more palatable. And I do not blame them. The dog is a carnivorous animal and wants his meat. The best way to give it to him is in a cold stew made of meat and vegetables, except potatoes. But the dog that is kept in the house should have less meat than the one that spends much of his time out of doors. And he should be fed twice a day, instead of once, which is the old-fashioned idea. With a light meal in the morning, the dog should have his heaviest meal at night. When only one meal is given, the dog is so ravenous that he eats too fast and is likely to have indigestion. Then,

perament in this unique voice as time develops the intelligence back of it.

## Ex-Governor William McKinley.

WHETHER the friends of Governor McKinley do, or do not, succeed in nominating him for the Presidency, there can be no question as to the position he will occupy in the political history of the country. There are few, if any, men in public life to-day who have impressed themselves more emphatically upon the national policy than he has done, and there is no one who



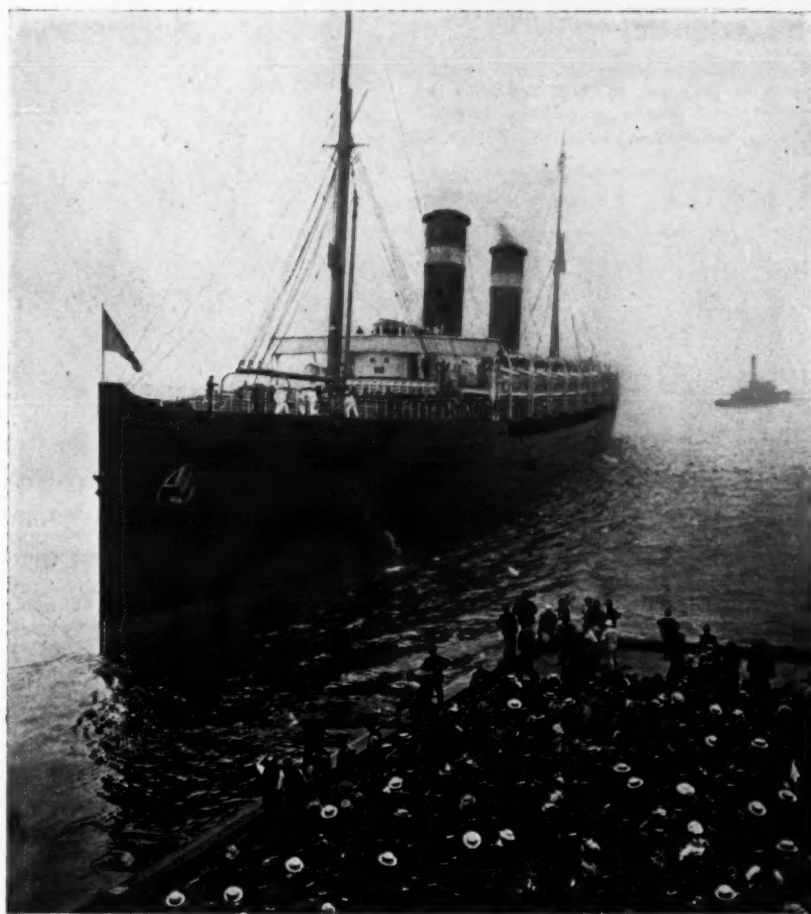
stands, admittedly, higher in all the qualities of upright personal character and unassailable integrity. Governor McKinley has, during his whole public career, sought the promotion of the highest public interests. He may have erred as to method, but never in the character of his purpose. While he has been steadfastly loyal to his political convictions, he has never surrendered his independence in matters of high public concern, and he has uniformly subordinated personal to public ends. It counts much in favor of any man who has been for a protracted period identified with public affairs, that he has maintained the absolute confidence of people of all classes on the score of personal purity of life and genuine patriotism of purpose; and this is what may be fairly claimed for Ohio's contestant for the Presidential nomination.

## Supremacy on the Atlantic.

(Continued from page 128.)

home. In time perhaps these heavy expenses might have been reduced, or the government and the patrons of the line might have become content for a while with a little less speed; but before matters showed any disposition to right themselves the Collins company suffered two immense losses, which, with other circumstances, brought about its ruin. In September, 1854, the *Arctic* was lost as the result of a collision which, in its circumstances, was very similar to that between the *Crathie* and the *Elbe* off the east coast of England last winter.

The *Arctic* sailed from Liverpool on the 20th of September. On the 27th she encountered dense fog, and soon after noon on that day was run into by a French steamer named *Vesta*. The *Vesta* was a small boat as compared with the *Arctic*; but, as luck would have it, she had come on to the *Arctic* at the very instant when the larger steamer, just rising on the swell, exposed her wooden sides where she was most vulnerable. At first the thought of those on board the *Arctic* was for those on board the *Vesta*. It was feared that the smaller vessel was too badly damaged to continue to float. This was a mistake. Little harm had been done the *Vesta* by the collision, and the officers of the *Arctic* were so sure that the damage done them was not serious that when their offers of assistance to the *Vesta* were declined, they allowed her to steam away. When she was gone it was discovered that the water was gaining on the *Arctic*, and it became evident that she would have to be abandoned. Then came a terrible scramble for the boats. Women and children were pushed aside; boats only partly filled with men pulled away from the ship, leaving women and children aboard, and when the survivors reached Halifax there was not a woman or child among them. All the women and children were

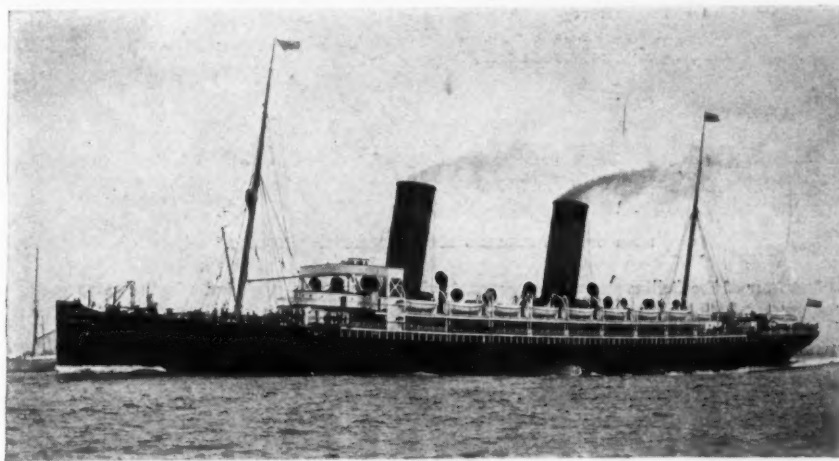


THE AMERICAN LINE STEAMSHIP "ST. LOUIS."

was not sufficient to pull the Collins line out of the desperate financial position which its six years' exertions to maintain the fastest service on the Atlantic had entailed upon it. Steamers were chartered to take the places of the *Arctic* and the *Pacific*; but by 1856 confidence in the line was gone. New demands had been made on Congress in 1852, after the service had been in existence for two years. These were conceded, and instead of receiving an annual subsidy of \$385,000 for twenty voyages, as first agreed upon, the company received \$858,000 a year for twenty-six voyages. This, however, was only a provisional agreement. It was made soon after the company had undergone a heavy loss by reason of an accident to the engines of the *Atlantic*. The arrangement was terminable at six months' notice on the part of the United States government. In 1855 the Collins people sought an unconditional contract for five years on these terms. Congress declined to grant

In dimensions, in tonnage and in power, as well as regards construction, the conditions which will hold good in the approaching contest on the Atlantic are vastly different from those of the early 'fifties. Ship-building, ship-engineering, and the shore management of great ships have undergone immense developments since that time. One of the competing lines now runs to Liverpool, and the other to Southampton; not both to Liverpool, as was the case from 1850 to 1856. But in spite of these altered conditions the contest will be watched on both sides of the Atlantic with as much interest as was that of forty years ago. In recent years Great Britain has built mercantile steamers for nearly all the nations of the world, and war-vessels as well for many of them. She has of late not regarded America as a competitor in this work; but she will have to do so if, in the matter of speed and in the all-important item of cost of construction, the *St. Paul* and *St. Louis* establish rank with the *Lucania* and *Campania*, or even with the sister ships of the American line, the *Paris* and the *New York*.

EDWARD PORRITT.



THE OCEAN GREYHOUND "CAMPANIA."  
Copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston.

among the three hundred and twenty-two people who lost their lives by the disaster.

This catastrophe in itself was almost enough to ruin the company. Fifteen months later there came a second and even worse calamity. The *Pacific* left Liverpool on the 23d of January, 1856, and was never heard of again. But from the whereabouts of the wreckage of the vessel which was picked up, and from the terrible experiences of other steamers in the same latitude about the same time, the only conclusion that could be reached was that the *Pacific* had run into an enormous ice-floe, and had gone to the bottom with such awful suddenness that the crew and passengers had no opportunity of escaping in the boats.

The fifth vessel of the Collins line was in building when the *Pacific* was lost. She was a much larger steamer than the other four. She cost \$1,100,000, and made the trip between St. John's, Newfoundland, and Galway, Ireland, in five days, nineteen hours and three-quarters. Although the *Adriatic* was thus a success in the way of speed and as a sea-going boat, this

it, and later on, when the company owned only two vessels and the service had become irregular, Congress discontinued the extra grant of 1852, and went back to the bargain of 1847, under which the Collins company was to receive \$19,250 for each voyage. Subsequently the Collins people sought to have Southampton made its English port; but other ships were in possession of that route. The Collins line, unable to get anything further from the government, soon ceased to exist.

For four years the Collins steamers held the Atlantic pennant against the Cunard vessels. In 1854, the *Arabia*, the last of the Cunard vessels built of wood, was able to out sail the Collins steamers; but the average speed for the year was in favor of the American vessels. The short-lived Collins line at least showed that forty years ago American engineers could build marine engines which gave steamers better speed than the engines then built in England. What the Collins line failed to show was that it could handle Atlantic steamers as safely and as economically as the Cunard people.

beneath the mask which is turned in your direction; the eyes which look out at you from the dark cloth seem languishing, inviting, full of mystery. It is this piquancy, and the bit of "the Old Nick," perhaps, which psychologists tell us is lurking in every heart, which make the masquerade balls of New York the tremendous "go" they are.

On the great dancing-floor, the half-world, the bohemians, and others who have thrown off the trammels of conventionality, glide and whirl in the mazes of the dances. Their movements are easy and free and careless. They are in costume—fantastic, daring costume, in some cases—and are masked. Occasionally they do more than dance. A silk hat is held high in the air. Like a flash a dainty foot shoots up and sends it spinning away. There is a great laugh, and the dance goes on. But these revelers do not comprise the whole assemblage. In the boxes which encircle the floor and the seats which rise in tiers above them is a different class of men and women—people whose everyday lives are conventional, and who have come out of curiosity to see a life different from their own. They are at the ball, but not of it. They look down upon the feverish gaiety and frivolity and the moving mass of color in a lofty, superior way, and yet they are vastly amused and interested.

During the month of January, when the vitality and freshness of youth is upon the year, the season of masquerade balls opens. It begins in a small way with little balls in obscure halls scattered throughout the city. Then comes the French Cooks' Ball, given by the *chefs* of New York; or, to give them their proper title, the *Société Culinaire Philanthropique*. This ball is unique in its way, as it opens with a wonderful display of culinary triumphs. There are great bullocks made entirely of fat, ships of candy, life-size figures of Christopher Columbus, which can be eaten. Of course, there is plenty of dancing and flirting behind masks, and the jollity of that very merry gentleman, the French cook, finds ample expression.

Close upon the heels of this revel of the cooks comes the other French ball—the ball whose very name in past years has been a synonym for naughtiness and Bacchanalian revelry. But the glory has departed from the French ball; it is only a ghost of its former self. The genie of reform has won a victory over Bacchus in New York, and the genie's shadow has dimmed the lustre of the great French function. It is rather insipid and perfunctory now; its wild hilarity is largely gone. But the pleasure-seekers do not grieve; they merely look forward the more eagerly to the Arion ball, the last and greatest of all the masquerades—the ball which marks the end and climax of the season.

The Arion ball of 1896 was held last Tuesday night, and it is needless to say that the Arion Society did not disappoint its friends. To enter the ball-room from the street was stepping from a prosaic world into a fairy land. The visitors passed first under a great canopy of yellow silk, and then found themselves in a land of enchantment, where thousands of electric lights gleamed softly among gracefully draped flags and evergreens and flowers. The ceremonies were opened at nine o'clock with a promenade concert; then there was a fanfare of trumpets, and the committee of arrangements of the society made their entrance, followed by a grand fantastic ballet, called "Prince Carnival in the Realm of Gems." After the ballet had passed, the masqueraders were invited to join in the opening polonaise. The dancing-floor immediately became a scene of movement and bright color and gaiety, and the Arion ball was fairly under way. Another fanfare of trumpets was heard at eleven o'clock; everybody knew that it meant that the grand pageant was approaching. The wine-room was deserted, and conversation ceased as the procession of floats, preceded by fifty harlequins, came into view. It was a gorgeous spectacle—too gorgeous and varied to be described in detail. Presently the dancing was renewed, and at one o'clock all masks were removed. What disappointment, what shattering of idols there was then, only the Goddess of Folly knows. Till dawn she held sway in her merry little kingdom. But one by one her subjects deserted her, and at last she herself retired into the seclusion from which she will not emerge until the season of masked balls begins again.

## The Mazes of the Dance.

"BUY a mask, buy a mask!" "Don't go in without a mask." "There's no fun without a mask."

A hundred voices are shouting the words, and a hundred hands are holding out bits of black cloth. With its myriad of lights the great Madison Square Garden is twinkling like a huge diamond in the darkness of the night. Carriages are rolling up to the entrance in a long procession, and men in evening dress and women whose opera-cloaks and wraps only partially conceal the gay costumes beneath hastily alight and hurry in. There is a constant sound of the slamming of carriage-doors and wheels rolling over the pavement. The voices of the stalwart policemen are heard shouting directions to drivers and ordering the crowd which has gathered around the entrance to "move on." But above the din, ringing incessantly in the ears, is that cry of "masks, masks, masks."

And it is a potent cry, the key-note of the scene; for the suggestive masks are what give piquancy and fascination to the great fancy-dress balls of New York. You can never tell how wonderfully beautiful may be the features





### Supremacy on the Atlantic.

For the second time in the history of the ocean mail and passenger service, American and English-built steamers are contending for supremacy on the Atlantic. Without any desire to disparage in the least the existing vessels of the White Star line, it may be assumed that the contest is between the Cunard and the American lines, and that the steamers on which the issue will

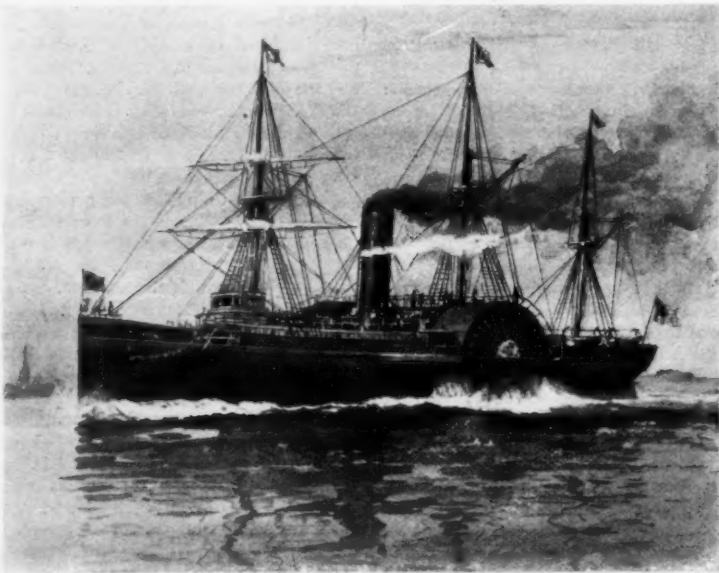


THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP "AFRICA."

depend are the *St. Paul* and the *St. Louis* of the American line, and the *Campania* and the *Lucania* of the Cunard fleet.

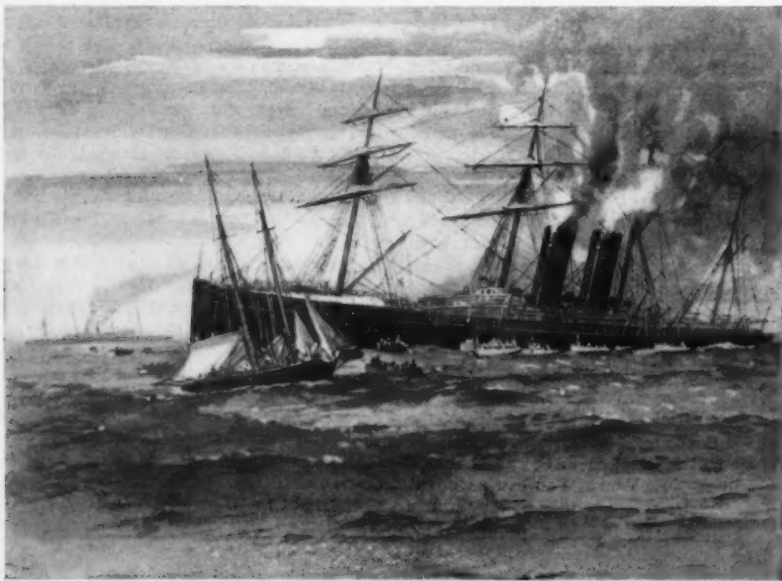
This is the second time the Cunard line has had to fight for supremacy against American ships. The first fight took place in the 'fifties, when for three or four years it appeared as though victory would finally rest with the Collins line.

Like the American line of to-day, the Collins line was an American organization. It differed



THE FIRST COLLINS LINE STEAMSHIP, THE "ATLANTIC."

from the American line only in that its entire fleet was built in American ship-yards. Five steamers were built for it in New York City. But at no time were more than four in its possession, and for a great part of the time only three were engaged in the service between Liverpool and New York. Between 1838, when the *Cyrus* and the *Great Western* made their famous trips across the Atlantic, and 1847, when Congress made its first bargain with Mr. E. K. Collins,



SINKING OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP "OREGON."

two or three English shipping companies had had steamers engaged in the trade between America and England. But up to 1850 the Cunarders were the only steamers regularly making trips between Liverpool and this country. The Cunard company, as a concern owning and managing transatlantic steamers, had come into existence in 1838. It was then known as the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. The word "royal" in its title was something more than an ornament; for at the outset of its career the Cunard company had made an advantageous bargain with the British government to carry the mails from England to Canada and the United States. Its first steamer under this arrangement with the English government



THE LAST COLLINS LINE STEAMSHIP, THE "ADRIATIC."

was dispatched from Liverpool in May, 1840. It was the *Unicorn*, and was designed for service on the Newfoundland route. It made the passage across the Atlantic in nineteen days, and was followed in July by the *Britannia*, which made the trip between the Mersey and Boston in fourteen days, eight hours. Additions were quickly made to the Liverpool fleet, and when the first of the Collins vessels was ready for service the Cunard company's transatlantic steamers were the *Britannia*, the *Asia*, the *America*, the *Africa*, and the *Arabia*.

Mr. Collins and his associates had made propositions to the United States government looking to the establishment of a line of American mail steamers in 1845. Nothing definite, however, was settled until 1847, when a contract was concluded, and the building of the Collins fleet was commenced. The contract called for the construction of five vessels. They were to be of great speed, and, like the *St. Paul* and the *St. Louis*, they were so constructed as to be easily convertible into war-vessels. It was estimated that by an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars each vessel could be made ready for service with the American navy. Mr. Collins in 1847 practically named his own terms. He was to receive \$385,000 for the twenty trips which the steamers of his fleet were to make in the course of the year. A time was fixed at which the vessels were to be ready for service. Later on Congress extended this time.

The *Atlantic* was the first of the Collins vessels ready for sea. She made her first voyage in April, 1850, and was followed at short intervals from the ship-building yards in New York by the *Arctic*, the *Baltic*, and the *Pacific*. The *Adriatic* was the fifth of the fleet, but the other vessels had been running for some years before she was ready for service. In model and dimensions



LOSS OF THE COLLINS LINE STEAMSHIP "ARCTIC."

the first four of the Collins steamers were much alike, although not all built in the same yard. The *Arctic*, which may be taken as typical, was 282 feet between perpendiculars, 45 feet beam, and of 2,800 tons burden. All of them were magnificent vessels, built of wood, remarkable for their grace and proportions, and were in every respect the finest ocean passenger-vessels then afloat. They made the trip across the Atlantic usually in a day less than the fleetest of the Cunarders, and at once made such places for themselves in the naval world that even the *London Times* broke out into admiration of the *Arctic* and of the stately appearance she made when she steamed up the Mersey, opening the waters before her so smoothly that there was hardly a ripple under her bows.

This was a tribute to the new vessel; but it was of small importance compared with that which was put on record in 1853 by Captain McKinnon, of the English Royal Navy. Captain McKinnon crossed in the *Baltic* in 1852, and in a book on the "Resources and Settlement of America" gave expression to opinions regarding the American-built fleet of the early 'fifties which are well worth quoting. Captain McKinnon said:

"I am only doing justice to these magnificent vessels in stating that they are beyond competition the finest, the fastest, and the best sea-boats in the world. I am sorry to be obliged to say this; but as a naval officer I feel bound in candor to admit their great superiority. Their extraordinary easiness in a sea cannot fail to excite the admiration of a sailor. I never beheld anything like it. There was none of that violent plunging, that sudden check usually attending a large ship in a heavy head sea. From a considerable experience in all classes of steam vessels besides the *Cunard America*, I advisedly assert that the *Baltic* is, out and out, by long odds the very best and easiest steamship I ever sailed in."

In this country the achievements of the Collins steamers aroused much enthusiasm, and, trip for trip, the Collins boats had for a time larger passenger-lists than those of the Cunard. In the Senate at Washington it was declared that their success had elevated the American name and character. Senator Gwin insisted that it had wrested from Great Britain the palm of the maritime dominion, and that the Collins achievement merited a recognition by the American government, which would indicate that the contest for supremacy on the Atlantic was a national one on both sides, and not a contest between an association of American citizens and the greatest governmental power in the world. In the House of Representatives equally jubilant declarations were made.

The Collins steamers undoubtedly made better time than the Cunarders. The cost of doing it, however, was enormous. It amounted to an additional cost of six or seven hundred dollars a day when the vessels were at sea. Mr. Collins figured it out at \$16,800 for each voyage out and

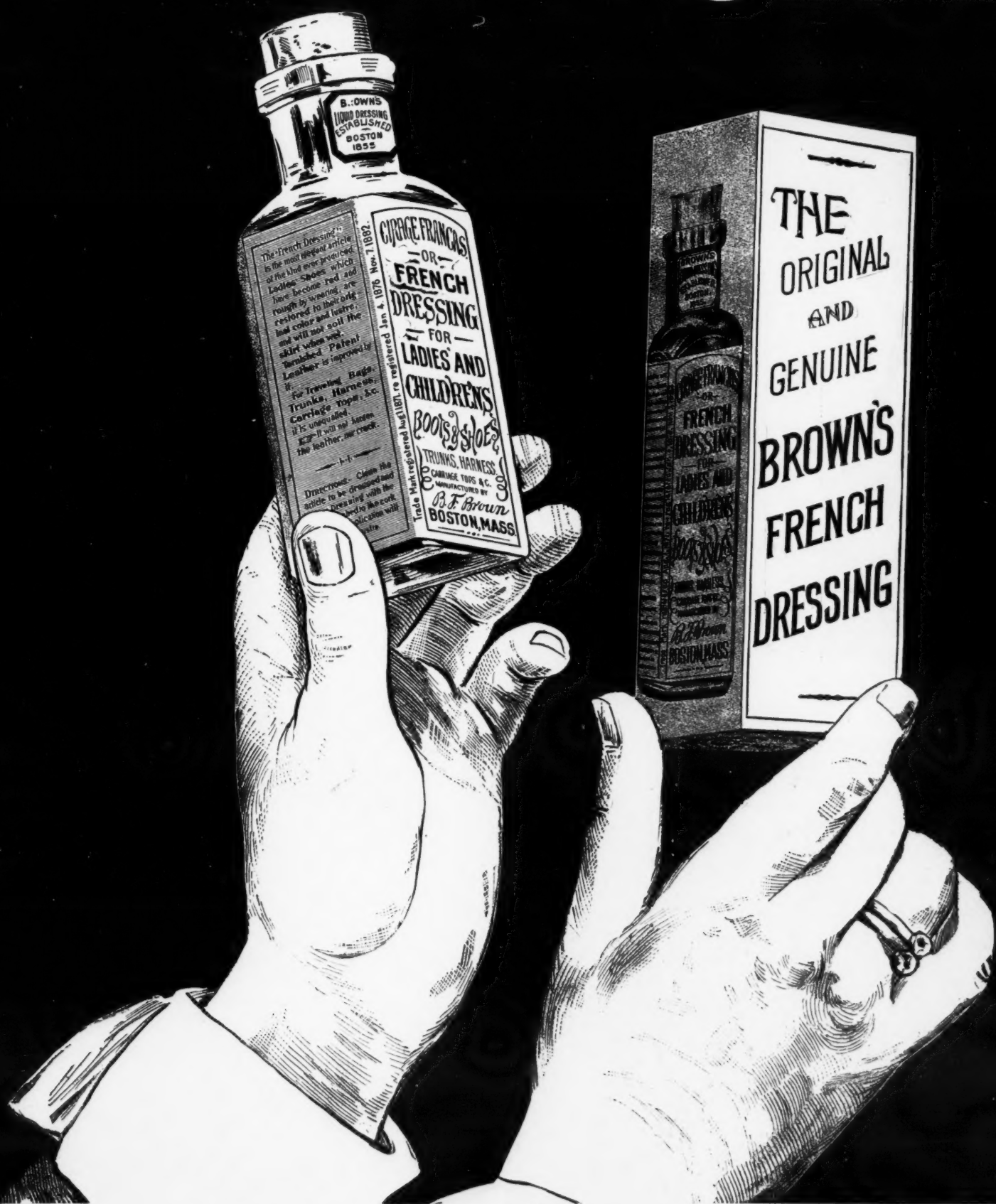
(Continued on page 127.)

THE CONTEST FOR SUPREMACY IN THE ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP SERVICE—SHIPS OF THE OLD AND NEW COMPETING LINES.

DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.



# BROWN'S *For* LADIES' SHOES



## Brown's French Dressing

THE RELIABLE  
SHOE DRESSING

Brown's Dressing has more to maintain than the many new preparations on the market. It has a record. It would not do to lower its standard after 40 years of excellence. The selection of materials and the experience in manufacture make Brown's a most desirable article for economical ladies. Not only up to the times but safe for the shoes. You cannot afford to accept a substitute.

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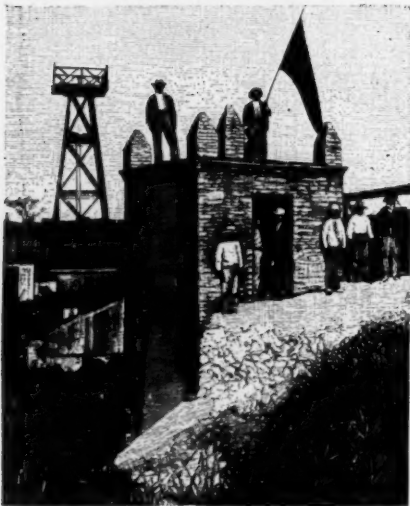
B. F. BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.



LABORERS DESCENDING INTO THE NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINE NEAR JOHANNESBURG, ONE OF THE RICHEST IN THE WORLD.—*Illustrated London News*.



EMPEROR WILLIAM HUNTING WILD BOARS IN LETZLINGEN.—*Sport im Bild*.



A SPANISH FORT AND OBSERVATORY IN A CUBAN DISAFFECTED DISTRICT.—*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*.



THE RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL.—A TROOP OF HORSE LEAVING JOHANNESBURG TO ASCERTAIN THE WHEREABOUTS OF DR. JAMESON'S FORCE.—*London Daily Graphic*.



SECRETARY CHAMBERLAIN'S GROWING POPULARITY IN ENGLAND—HIS RECENT RECEPTION IN BIRMINGHAM.—*London Graphic*.



A RAILWAY TRAIN WRECKED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.



CUBAN REBELS DESTROYING A RAILWAY BRIDGE.—*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*.



## AN IDEAL TRIP.

DURING the month of February a more delightful trip cannot be made than to take one of the Vestibuled Limited trains of the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," and visit the glorious sunny South, or the Pacific coast. This popular route offers to the tourist, pleasure-seeker, and business man a most attractive schedule and service.

### FLORIDA

can be reached by the New York and Florida Short Line Limited. A train of Pullman's most modern build, elegantly appointed and having all requirements of first-class travel—compartment, observation, library, dining and sleeping cars—is operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, carrying Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars from New York to August and Tampa.

### ASHEVILLE.

The land of the sky. Nature's sanitarium, located in the mountains of western North Carolina, reached in twenty-two hours from New York, via the Southern Railway, in Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars.

### CALIFORNIA.

The true Southern route is via Southern Railway, Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, and Sunset Limited from New Orleans. Pullman's latest drawing and state-room sleeping-cars are operated between New York and New Orleans, connecting with fast limited trains operating similar cars for the Pacific Coast; meals are served in dining-cars between New York and San Francisco. By this route no snow, no ice.

### NEW ORLEANS.

Where could you find a more delightful place to visit during Mardi Gras, which takes place February 18th? The carnival this year will eclipse anything heretofore held in the Crescent City. The Southern Railway operates the Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, composed of vestibule coach, dining and sleeping cars, between New York and New Orleans. For the Carnival special low rates will be made, so as to enable all to attend.

Do you know that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is the best line to Wilkesbarre, Geneva, Ithaca, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, through the picturesque Lehigh, Wyoming, and Susquehanna valleys?

HAVE you ever tried the Lehigh Valley Railroad's dining-car service? The appointments are elegant; every dish is a revelation of gastronomic art, and the service is à la carte, you only paying for what you order.

THE tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

AFTER a sleepless night use Angostura Bitters to tone up your system. All druggists.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 636, Marshall, Michigan.

## OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.



There are monarchs, there are monarchs, Men of every clime and hue From the Czar of all the Russias To the Prince of Timbuctoo: Monarchs good and monarchs famous, Monarchs short and monarchs tall; But the best is our Monarch— It's the Monarch of them all.

## Monarch

King of Bicycles—A Marvel of Strength, Speed and Reliability.

4 models, \$30 and \$100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the Defiance is made in 8 models, \$10 to \$75. Send for Monarch book.

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.,

Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO.

83 Reade Street, New York.



## No

you haven't seen it if you say it's like any other.

The CUPID Hair Pin never slips out.

It's in the TWIST.

Richardson & DeLong Bros., makers of the famous DeLong Hook and Eye.

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Prevented by

**Cuticura SOAP**

When All Else Fails

CUTICURA SOAP purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, and hair by restoring to healthy activity the CLOGGED, INFLAMED, IRRITATED, SLUGGISH, or OVERWORKED PORES.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POSTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

The more you use it the more you like it—It's purifying and beautifying—does away with paints, powders, and cosmetics—**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** (Persian Healing) keeps skin healthy and gives the complexion a natural beauty. Sold by druggists.

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(MARIANI WINE)

THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

"Vin Mariani is ideal, it is both remarkably agreeable and fortifying."

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Descriptive Book, Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities.

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Specially prepared for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and H. R. H. the Princess Louise for use in keeping their diaries. Taught personally or by mail in from 10 to 20 days by the author.

MR. OLIVER McEWAN, 120 East 59th Street, New York.



## Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

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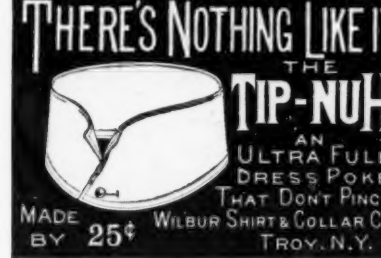
Established 1836.

Leghorn, Italy.

The Praises of

## SOZODONT

Have Been Sung For Over Half a Century



BREAKFAST—SUPPER!

## EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

## COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

## GOT A BABY BOY NOW.

Happiness in a Southern Man's Home.

Heed the Red Flag of Danger at the Railroad Crossing. A Warning to America's Men.



"For twenty-six years I have used tobacco in great quantities, and of late years took to cigarette-smoking," writes Mr. W. E. Simpson, of Le Compe, Louisiana. "I want to go on record that tobacco has robbed me of many years of life and a great deal of happiness. I realize it now as I compare my feelings and my condition with that of a year ago, when I was a tobacco-saturated cigarette fiend."

"Many and many a time did I try to quit smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous torture, which would increase hour by hour till finally, to save myself as it seemed from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little white pipe-stick and swallow the smoke."

"One day I read in my paper, 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away'—just what I was doing; it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery."

"I did not believe it, but, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I commenced taking No-To-Bac."

"The effects were magical; it destroyed the nerve craving and desire for cigarettes. Two boxes, would you believe it? made me well and strong."

"I have gained mentally, physically in vigor and manhood, and with the brain free from the nicotine and a breath no longer befouled with tobacco-smoke, I am so happy to-day to write No-To-Bac did it all a year ago, so the cure is time-tested and tried, not only in my own case, but several of my friends who have also been cured."

"We have a baby boy now."

"My wife and I feel that all this happiness started from the time when I first used No-To-Bac, and in evidence of our appreciation, and in order that the memory of the happiness may be perpetuated in a living form, we want to name our baby boy after the man who wrote the line, 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.'"

"No-To-Bac is popular here, and all our druggists sell it. Hardly a day passes but somebody asks me about No-To-Bac, so I don't want you to hesitate to use these lines in any way that you think will make known to suffering humanity the happiness that there is in No-To-Bac for the many men with nicotine-brained and weakened resolutions, if they will only make up their mind to save the waste of vital power—to say nothing of the money—now going up into smoke and out in tobacco-spit."

## LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 4th day of February, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE TO DECATUR AVENUE, from Kingsbridge Road to Brookline Street, 24th Ward.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller. City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, February 5th, 1896.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 23d day of January, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively, for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for Opening and Acquiring Title to the following streets in the several wards herein designated:

TWENTY THIRD WARD.—167TH STREET, between Jerome and Sheridan Avenues.

TWENTY FOURTH WARD.—PARSONS STREET, from Broadway to Bailey Avenue. WOLF PLACE, between Jerome and Inwood Avenues.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller. City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, January 25th, 1896.

**SALESMEN WANTED** to sell to the wholesale and retail trade. Our goods sell on sight. Liberal salary or commission paid. Position permanent. For full particulars and terms address Centennial Mfg. Co., Atlanta, Ga. Factory, Milwaukee, Wis.

### LONDON (ENGLAND).

**THE LANCHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

**Frederick J. Lewis & Company, STOCK BROKERS,**

744 BROADWAY, Corner of Astor Place, NEW YORK.

Orders for securities executed for investment or on margin, at the New York Stock, Produce, and Cotton Exchanges, and the Chicago Board of Trade.

A general brokerage business transacted.

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## The Success of the American \$8 Typewriter

is due to its capacity for doing the best work, and lots of it. 7500 of the New Model No. 2, sold since last July. It is simple, durable, and always goes. In combination with the Duplicator 150 copies can be made in one half hour.

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New method, without chemicals, lenses, baths, sunlight or flash-powder. Carried in vest-pocket ready for instant use day or night. A beautifully finished picture every minute. Complete apparatus, with impression slips, 10 cents, postpaid.

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### THE CELEBRATED

## SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

## S-O-H-M-E-R.



### Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills.

A remedy that has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Liver? Have you a fishy appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? No matter what the cause, we know Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you; impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the whole system, and make a new man of you. Mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.

WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

The C. N. Crittenton Co., Agents.

## TAMAR

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

## INDIEN

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

## GRILLON

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

RUBBER GOODS of every description. Send for particulars. Gem Rubber Co., Kansas City, Mo.



## LADIES!!

Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so send this "Ad." and 15c. in stamps and we will mail you a 1-lb. sample Best Tea Imported. Any kind you may select. Good incomes, Big Premiums, etc. Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices. Send for terms. (Mention "Ladies' Weekly") THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. P. O. Box 394, 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York.





SIZED UP.

BROTHER JACK (savagely)—"You'd better drop that Tom Higby, Maud. He's little better than a card-sharp."  
MAUD—"Why, Jack: how can you say that?"  
BROTHER JACK—"We played poker six hours last night and quit even."

*Dinner Without Soup* is like summer without sunshine.

**Armour's**  
Extract of BEEF

takes the place of home-made "soup stock." Costs less, goes farther and tastes better. It gives to soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way.

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CIGARETTES OR  
LITTLE CIGARS.  
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.

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You JES BET TO RIDE A  
**Present**

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WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.  
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**Great Western**  
The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.  
One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

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**Pleasant Valley Wine Company,**  
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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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Springfield Line  
BETWEEN  
New York & Boston  
New 5 1/2 Hour Train

Leaves New York 12:00 noon, due Boston 5:30 P.M.  
Leaves Boston 12:00 noon, due New York 5:30 P.M.  
Other trains leave 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 4:00 and 11:00 P.M. The 4:00 and 11:00 P.M. run daily.

**IVORY SOAP**

A well enforced rule of order and Ivory Soap will make the kitchen an attractive and appetizing spot.

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**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
EXTRACT OF BEEF.

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"The most Reliable Tire on Earth"  
has added much to the reputation of that most popular of all wheels, the  
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"November 27, 1895.  
"SALVA-CEA is the best friend I have had for six years. Having been a sufferer for that length of time with Salt Rheum, and after trying almost every remedy known, without getting any relief, I tried a box of SALVA-CEA, and can honestly say I was cured before using the entire box.

In advertising SALVA-CEA we mention nothing but facts. We do not say it will do things that it will not do, and the public appreciate this.

It is the best remedy for piles, ulcerations, old sores, skin irritation, chilblains, colds, and nasal catarrh.

Two sizes, 25 and 50 cents per box. At druggists', or by mail.  
For deep-seated pain and rheumatism of the joints use Salva-cea, "Extra Strong."  
Sold in tins at 75 cents each.  
THE BRANDRETH CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

**Allcock's Porous Plaster**

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

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For 1896....

Provoke love at first sight and hold it captive  
Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure to be if you ride a  
**Windsor....\$85 and \$100**

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**SIEG & WALPOLE MFG. CO., Kenosha, Wis.**  
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Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.

**Waverley BICYCLES.**  
ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED RIDERS,

Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades.**

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Infants' and Children's Wear.  
Pique Coats,  
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Hand-Made Guimpes,  
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**\$100. BICYCLE FREE. \$100.**  
In order to introduce our matchless "EMPRESS" 1896 wheel we will ship free of charges to any part of the United States, one of our famous \$100 Ladies' or Gentlemen's Bicycles, to each of the three persons obtaining the greatest number of words out of the letters contained in "THE EMPRESS BICYCLE COMPANY."  
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